Next Month

and later

WHY AMERICAN WOMEN MARRY FOREIGNERS

Marjorie Dobbins Kern

"Heiress Weds Titled Foreigner" is a familiar headline in our newspapers. Some of the "titled foreigners" are fortune hunters, and many of these marriages end in divorce; but there are other similar unions, distinguished by less notoriety and more success, taking place constantly. Of course the young girl may think there is something glamourous about such a marriage, but why is it that so many mature and level-headed women think the European is a better match? Does he understand his women better? Miss Kern ought to know. She married one.

MEN AGAINST MACHINES

J. George Frederick

Back in the early days of the industrial revolution, workers sometimes rioted and smashed their machines because they feared the loss of their jobs to these impersonal, efficient creatures of science. If workers today seldom resort to sabotage, you may be sure that the same fear of displacement by the machine is nevertheless widespread; and some economists and industrialists believe that so-called technological unemployment will keep a part of labor permanently out of work. On the other hand, another group of theorists holds that there is no such thing as technological unemployment. Mr. Frederick examines both hypotheses and draws a convincing conclusion of his own.

CURE BY FAITH

Winfred Rhoades

A. E. Housman once wrote: *Play the man, stand up and end you, when your sickness is your soul.* Modern medical science is finding that Housman's drastic advice is seldom necessary. On page 264 of this issue THE FORUM presents the first of several articles dealing with mental treatment of disease which, so far as its symptoms are concerned, appears to be organic. Mr. Rhoades' paper for the January issue is a further discussion of the relation between a sick mind and a sick body.

FORUM

and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company, Inc. 35 cents a copy; $4.00 a year; foreign subscription $5.00, Canadian $4.50. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Back copies not over three months old, 35 cents; all other back copies, $1.00. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of address, and such notices must supply the old address as well as the new. *Indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879.

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THE BOOK FORUM

Conducted by M. M. C.

OIL PAINT AND GREASE PAINT — Dame Laura Knight (Macmillan, $5.00).

NEWS FROM TARTARY — Peter Fleming (Scribner, $3.00).

THE RENAISSANCE OF PHYSICS — Karl K. Darrow (Macmillan, $3.50).

HISTORY OF FLORENCE — Ferdinand Schevill (Harcourt, Brace, $5.00).

THE WORLD OF ART — Eugen Neuhaus (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50).

MAINLAND — Gilbert Seldes (Scribner, $3.00).

DEATH OF A MAN — Kay Boyle (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50).

DAME Laura Knight, the famous English painter, has written a gay and winning autobiography, *Oil Paint and Grease Paint*, splendidly illustrated by reproductions of 25 of her own pictures. "I wasn't born in a circus," she begins, "suckled by an elephant, neither was I a Risley kid to be tossed on the feet of an acrobat." When we know her pictures we understand why she has had to make this explanation, for she has painted the adventurousness of circus life as if she were born to it. The picture of the spotted circus horse with the title "Hassan" or the one named "Windy Night in the Pony Tent" or the dressed-up acrobats, with their performing horse, standing intently awaiting their cue in "Waiting to Go On" all have the immemorial excitement of the circus in them. She loves overflowing life, life at tension, and her autobiography shows us that life for her had a glow to it.

Laura Knight had her struggles, her poverty, and sometimes her failures, and she talks of them all with humor. Perhaps the most self-communicative part of her story is where she is an artist among artists, and by *artists* we do not mean just painters but ballet dancers, poets, theater folk, circus performers, and dramatists. Her portrait of Bernard Shaw, included in the reproductions, presents a wonderful combination of ringmaster, puppet master and seer; it may turn out to be the most characteristic portrait of him extant. She found the same tense life in the ballet as in the circus and she writes excitingly of that once magical world of the Russian ballet and of those strange people, Diaghilev, Pavlova, and Lopokovo.

Laura Knight has such a power of feeling eager and excited about people of all kinds and degrees that those who are weary of reading autobiographies that give the impression of coming out of a moribund world will get great pleasure from these lively pages by a woman who is one of the genuine creators of our time. How profound and lovely is her picture of contrasting nudes, nordic and negroid, in "Dawn," one full of luminous purpose and the other full of a dark resignation. Why should readers bore themselves with dreary autobiographic novels about dreary people when they can read an autobiography of this kind? Or one of these adventure books like *News from Tartary?*

WE had thought that every inch of the world was thoroughly explored and that the only thing left for an adventurous youth to do was to take an airplane to some place like Mars. This *News from Tartary*, if we remember aright, is Peter Fleming's third travel book. He seems to be a very young man, and the *élan* of youth goes into his travels and his books. Going into out-of-the-way and dangerous parts of the earth's surface is meat and drink to him; he is able to project a likable, humorous personality in his writing; he does not take himself or his adventures too seriously; his style is rousing and never pretentious.

It is interesting to compare *News from Tartary* with Freya Stark's *The Southern Gates of Arabia*, reviewed in these pages last month. The latter is a finer book and this for a reason worth noting: Freya Stark has stronger emotional power, and this gives her a great interest in people, so that a travel book with her is really more about people than about places; Peter Fleming's emotional power is thin in comparison, and this makes him less interested in people than in places. Both Peter Fleming and Freya Stark took an ancient trade route for their highway. Miss Stark took the "frankincense route," by which the perfumes of Arabia came into Europe, and Peter Fleming and his companion, Kini Maillart, a Swiss woman journalist (a delightfully efficient personage who did the cooking and the washing and did not expect the young man to make love to her) took another ancient trade route. This was the "silk route," by which silks were transported from China to India, a journey of about 3,500 miles from Peiping across steppes, deserts, swamps, and over the Himalayas. Hannibal's journey across the Alps would seem to us to be a picnic compared with the journey of those ancient silk salesmen, who padded with camels over terrific mountains. But then Hannibal had to tow elephants along. It cost Peter Fleming and his companion seven months in time and a £150 each in cash to pass over the old silk route.

The writer of *News from Tartary* isn't a Burton or a Doughty or even a Kinglake, but he is a grand reporter, full of vigor, verve, and gaiety, with an eye that can grasp an out-of-the-way scene and a pen that can put it before us:

"The Teijinar Mongols were a surly, bearish people. . . . At Norma Khantara they were living away from their tents, in curious open bowers scooped out of unusually thick growths of tamarisk. Like the scenery in a Chinese play, the walls, the door were left to the imagination; the skeleton of the dwelling was suggested by a central fireplace, by sheepskins and matchlocks hanging from the branches, by an old painted chest wedged in the crotch of a tree. Most of the men went about naked to the waist, their shaggy robes gathered in great unwieldy bundles round their middles, the wrinkled, tubular sleeves dangling flaccidly like the trunks of dead elephants. Dust and wind and sun had given them a crusted look; their small bloodshot eyes glittered redly in their broad, dark faces. A Mongol on foot lacks his native centaur dignity, and these people, shambling half furtive and half truculent through the thickets, suggested more strongly than any human beings I have seen, the poor monster Caliban."

BUT there is another route into strange worlds in addition to the perfume route and the silk route, and this is the physics route. If you have a lamp, a fire, an armchair, and a radio, there is no limit to the travels you can make, and a good winter's buy for the intelligent who studied a little physics in school or college would be Dr. Karl Darrow's *Renaissance of Physics*.

Perhaps it is really only the physicist who knows what an extraordinary world our world at the moment is and from what a recent date it has taken on its extraordinary side. "Atomic theories existed long ago, but ours is the generation which first of all in history has seen the atom." There was a gentleman in our father's or our grandfather's time who went to Asia, dug up a tomb, and for a brief minute saw Agamemnon plain. This Herr Schliemann, a retired German-American butcher, took up archaeology and the history of the Trojan War. But seeing the atom must be more overwhelming than beholding Agamemnon in his tomb. And ours, to stress Karl Darrow's words again, is the first generation in history that has seen the atom. "Ours is the generation which, first of all in history, is able to receive the unity of Nature, not as a baseless dogma

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The Book Forum

or a hopeless aspiration but a principle of science based on proof as sharp and clear as anything which is known."

A miracle happened in our time: it was shown that matter was born out of light or, rather, out of cosmic rays. And, when that happened, a new universe appeared to men's vision — a universe in which materialism and immaterialism seem to be reconciled. "Why then is the Universe not a perpetual welter and flux of change in which electricity is constantly becoming light and light is constantly turning into electricity and solidity and stability are nowhere to be found? All that saves us is apparently the inexplicable fact that two kinds of electrons are very unequal in number. The negatives are inconceivably innumerable, the positives are relatively few." And it is in this universe of electricity turning into light and light turning into matter that we live. We all turn on our electric lights, we all turn on our radios, and yet the bulk of us is ignorant of the great thought processes that have given us these commodities and have given us also a new conception of the universe. It is a thing to be profoundly grateful for that Dr. Darrow is able to write so simply and so entertainingly of the events that have led to the discovery of this universe, even if he does occasionally hand us a few equations that are a bit of a knockout for those of us who left college a little while back.

As well as atoms, he tells us about men, the men whose names we use every day, when we speak of electrical appurtenances, without knowing much about them. Ampere was a man before he was a measure of electricity; Galvini was likewise a man before his name became an adjective, and Volta before he became the noun *volt;* and the histories of these transformers of our world are related in *The Renaissance of Physics.*

You need the lamp, the fire, and the armchair also for Ferdinand Schevill's *History of Florence.* There is both food and diversion for the mind in these 500 pages, and you can take them in a few pages at a time, for on each page an event is chronicled or a comment is made which is of great significance. Ferdinand Schevill was professor of history in the University of Chicago, and readers of Vincent Shean's *Personal History* will remember that a new direction was given to that young man's life by his strolling in one day to Professor Schevill's class.

This history of Florence is not a political history or an economic history or an art history; it is a history of Florentine society in which due importance is given to these activities as an expression of that society. In giving us the story of the rise and decline of Florence, Professor Schevill gives us a great cycle of human experience. "These mental achievements belo to every field of human endeavor — government, justice, trade, indust finance, and, notably, far more notabl to those highest ranges of the spirit wh literature and art bring forth their gold fruit." As we read this history we hard put to understand how this gold fruit could have flourished in such a t bulent city. But maybe all fruit comes c of conflict of some kind — "A brief f giveness 'twixt opposites." There is har a page in this history which does not d with war, murder, assassinations, aggr sions.

Florentine culture came to its drama close with the execution of Savonarola a his two associates. In relating this eve Professor Schevill reveals what lay beh it all. "Against the gallows rested a ladd on which stood the expectant executione At the appointed hour the three fri were conducted slowly from the Pala across the platform to the foot of the la der. . . . Fra Silvestro was the first mount the ladder and have the noose a justed to his throat. Fra Dominico ca next: the last was Fra Girolamo [this w Savonarola himself]. They could not y have been dead as the hangman leaped his torch and set his inflammable p ablaze. When, some hours later, the fier fire had spent itself, the charred scraps what had once been men and pious Chr tians were gathered by the city scavenge and tossed into the Arno to be carri away to oblivion and the sea."

Savonarola was a medieval-minded m living in a world which was passing out that stage, a transition world like o own, and so in the Florence of his day never could have had a real triumph. Pr fessor Schevill's writing about him memorable, and a quotation will give t flavor of his style: "To have had som thing more than the brief sensational su cess that attended Savonarola's revival preaching it would have been necessa for Florence not merely to rid itself, as t reformer perpetually urged, of its gam blers and courtesans, of its wastrels a usurers but also to close its banks a warehouses, to surrender its Tuscan co quest, to reduce itself once more to t dimensions of a country market . . . wreck its palazzo publico and tear dow its cathedral. . . . Savonarola preach that nothing mattered but the life beyon the grave . . . therefore they swept hi aside. . . . He will always live in t memory of mankind as a soul that, refu ing commerce with corruption kept t faith."

Of course a book of these dimensio and on such a subject would really need article to itself. But even in this bri space we hope we have made those of o readers interested in history aware the importance of this *History of Florenc*

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The Book Forum

From time to time I get letters from aders asking for a definition of art. I can ink of no better one than that given by ugen Neuhaus in his *World of Art*. Here is: "It is a deeply rooted instinct in man set up within the real world a second orld of his own creation. In creating this orld, man becomes conscious of his owers and dares to say what the real orld means to him, what in it and his lation to it seems significant and worth hile. We call this world art."

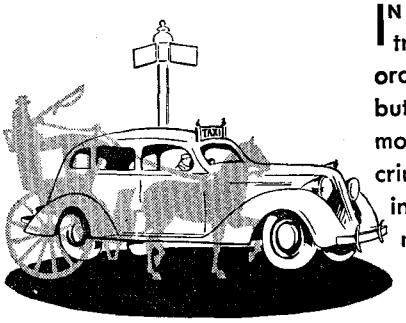
The World of Art is a comprehensive ook on the visual arts; it deals not only ith painting, sculpture, architecture but so with tiles and fabrics and with every- ing that delights the eye. It discusses ich themes as "The Artist and the Pub- c," "Scope and Classification of the rts," "What Color Means to an Artist," Nature and Art," and a dozen others ntering round examples taken from the t of all the ages, illuminated with com- ent on the background, the tradition, or e technique. *The World of Art* is written either rhapsodically nor prosaically but et with the elevation of a mind which nows what art means to the world. About 50 reproductions are given, ancient and odern, Chinese, European, American, eruvian. This is a book that augments ur understanding and appreciation not nly of what is in the world of art but of e forms we see all round us.

Gilbert Seldes is an all-round ritic of all the arts, and he is able to be ntertaining about all of them, for he is a an of lively aesthetic emotions, and his atience is but slender with those critics ho, somewhat deaf or blind to beauty or esthetic vitality, do not demand such hings from art but instead want to hear bout the abandoned state of the world. *Mainland* is an interesting, gay, witty, nd thoughtful book about America, a ittle too optimistic, perhaps — but then, s he himself observes, one seldom en- ounters despair here outside the aes- hetes, the moralists, and the economists. Nor, one might remark, outside these hree classes does one encounter desire for evolution or change. Beyond a taste for changing apartments or jobs or dwelling places, there is but little desire for change in this country; there seems instead to be a determination to stick to the ancient Constitution when every other country is thinking up ways to overthrow hers. There are, to be sure, some few differences in the interpretation of that same document, but even these are not very varied. There is a sameness about all the interpretations.

Gilbert Seldes puts and answers the question whether, if democracy broke down, fascism or communism would have

(*continued on page* IX)

TIMES CHANGE and the old gives way *to the New!*



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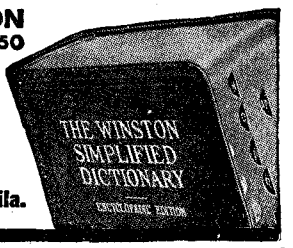

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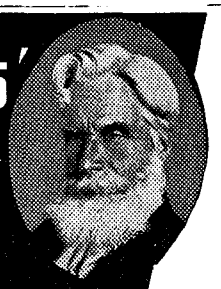

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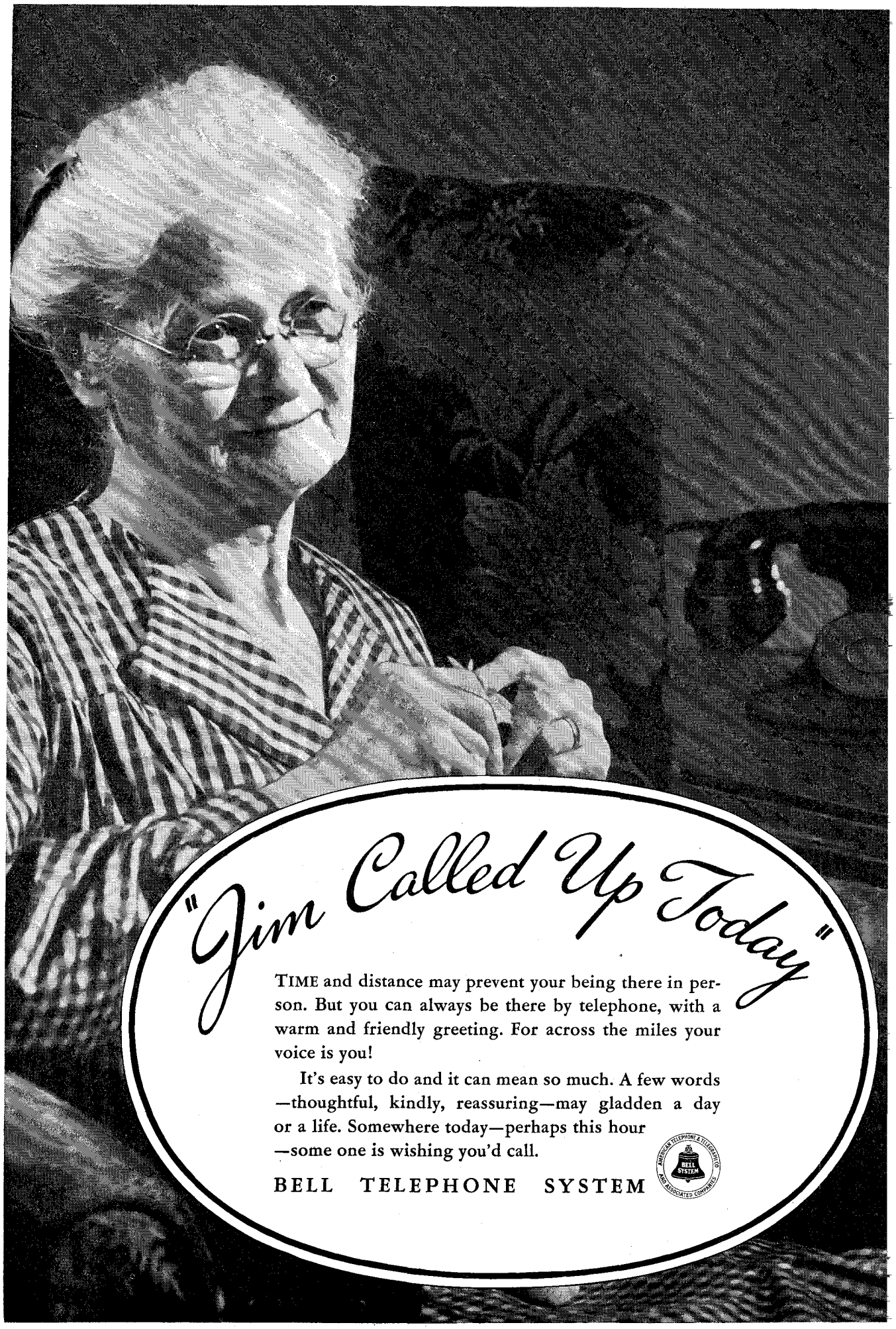
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F O R U M

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DECEMBER, 1936 VOL. XCVI, NO. 6

Where Do We Go Now?

Editorial Foreword

"We but level that lift," wrote Walt Whitman in one of his poems to American democracy, "to pass and continue beyond." The election is behind us, with its animosity and exaggeration. Each of us can set his face definitely toward the future again. It is time for team play once more. Where do we go from here?

In the second year of the depression, 1931, The Forum published a "five-year plan" for America. This blueprint for economic and social rehabilitation, which in a general way forecasts the experiments of the New Deal, was the work of the American historian, Charles A. Beard. "The issue transcends the present crisis," wrote Mr. Beard. "There is good reason for predicting that other crises, more devastating, will return with rhythmic regularity, until science takes the place of rule of thumb and the untrammeled acquisitive instinct. Herein lies the problem: how to go forward along the lines already made clear by the lamp of experience and engineering rationality."

The past four years have justified that admonition. Whether or not we like the sound of the word "planning," all thinking citizens now realize that in our increasingly complicated industrial society we need and will need more planning on a national scale. It is clear also that our planning cannot be anything foreign or imported but a program born out of American experience and adapted to our characteristic ideals. The American way is to plan without government aid through the voluntary agreement of the citizens and to call on government as the final arbiter only when the issue is too complicated for private initiative.

The peculiarly American conception of liberty is freedom of opportunity. The Constitution aims to protect the individual in the pursuit of happiness and to restrict him only when he actually hampers himself or interferes with others. From time to time, as we have demanded higher standards of opportunity for the American citizen, we have enlarged our Constitution. Probably we shall improve the Constitution again.

The New American Citizen

During the past four years the popular conception of the privileges of citizenship has been greatly enlarged. In the pioneer days of rugged individualism it was every man for himself, and the devil take the laggard. Continual danger and incessant worry were supposed to toughen character and prevent deterioration of morale, and no doubt they did. Formerly there was an Indian lurking in every bush ready to scalp one with his tomahawk. Latterly one had to run for one's life crossing a city street to

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dodge unregimented taxis. The insecurity of our banks was such that each citizen had to train himself in high finance in order to know which bank was safe for his savings. And, if he did accumulate wealth and had children, he had to employ private detectives to keep off the kidnapers. We even distrusted our politicians unless they had been bred in the rigor of a poor farmhouse or an equally squalid city tenement. Foreigners used to go home and write about the worried look of American crowds. We developed intrepid character all right but often at the expense of a national state of jitters. And, when depressions and unemployment and crime waves came, it took a lot of whistling to keep up our courage.

Social security — such as the Swedes and the British obtained by law a generation ago — was long frowned on in America as something foreign and something likely to undermine the initiative of the American people. During the past four years a popular change has occured in our attitude toward security. We believe that initiative and enterprise are still possible if our nerves are steadier and when we do not have to worry so much about the imminence of disaster. With the abundance of natural resources about us and our even greater engineering skill, we believe it possible by planning to make the lives of the masses less casual and jittery. We are no longer content to give the citizen an opportunity freer than that enjoyed in any other country to struggle for existence. We believe that he is also entitled to a firm footing, a springboard of safety from which to take off in his quest for opportunity. Concretely, the American citizen is now entitled to a job that will produce food, clothing, shelter, as well as medical care and maintenance during incapacity and old age — if necessary, at the public expense.

It is that new popular conviction that the American citizen is entitled to steadier nerves that is back of the social-security act passed by the last Congress by huge majorities of both Republicans and Democrats. This act provides for old-age pensions as well as unemployment relief. Details of the law have been criticized, and it may be amended and improved, but the principle of social security is here to stay.

The same enlightened demand for a basis of personal stability has brought about the laws to insure the banks and to safeguard the integrity of stocks and bonds. Let us make our banks as safe as our post offices. The same insistence on higher social standards has produced laws attempting to keep children in school and away from the mills, to clean out the sweatshops by establishing minimum wages, to provide leisure and distribute jobs by prescribing maximum hours of labor.

Child-labor laws, minimum wages, and maximum hours have run up against the Constitution as interpreted by the Supreme Court. But we shall have them in time, if they can be wisely devised, either without or with constitutional amendment. The aim of the next administration should be to consolidate and make permanent the best features of the last four years. Social security makes the shift from the individualistic every-man-for-himself pioneer philosophy to a higher concept of civilization.

Another business boom is in the making. It is to be hoped that under the new planning private business will be able to relieve government again for a time of the burden of the unemployed. Government can then retrench and employ engineers to make ready blueprints of public works to take up the slack in the next hard times. We all want our budgets balanced again, private and public.

More Civilization

If there is any governmental extravagance that is always justified it is expenditure on the arts. The last administration, by its generous subvention of good drama, of painting, of sculpture, of city gardens set free a pent-up enthusiasm for the beautiful that may in time make the houses and things we build and use as lovely as our natural landscape. Like other nations, it is by our art, not by our wealth, that posterity will remember us.

All things return to dust
Save beauties fashioned well;
The bust
Outlasts the citadel.

If we can afford a new executive department in Washington, let us create a Secretary of the Fine Arts.

Henry Goddard Leach

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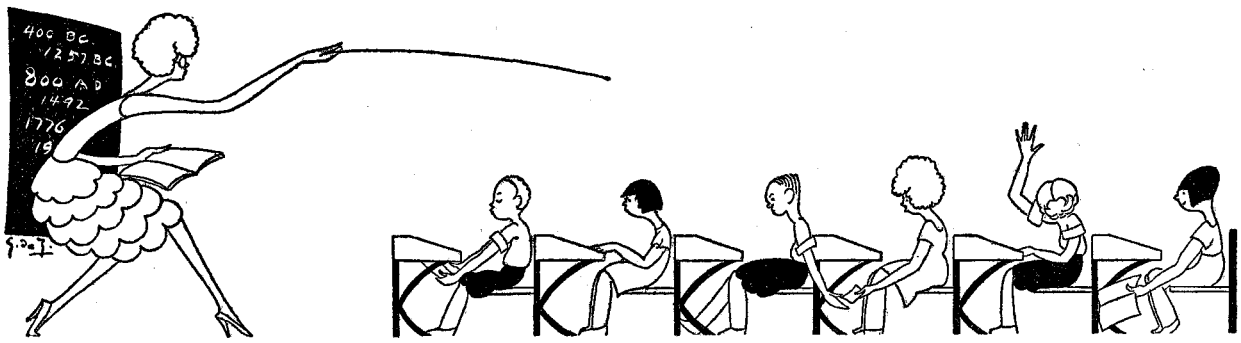
What Is a Teacher Worth?



by **JEAN RICOCHET BOYD**

In the current uproar, particularly in this country, one has heard a lot about education and our educational system. Blasts and counterblasts echo all the way from kindergarten to university and graduate school — charges of starving teachers, youth denied its birthright, schools closed, research stifled, talent undeveloped and unused; charges of scholastic frills and foolishness, false emphasis, waste, extravagance, futility. The schools are our only salvation; the schools are a washout and a failure. Training the youth is the only hope of civilization; after all these years and all these billions of dollars poured out, we are still nothing but morons. The only worth-while money being spent is for the schools, and it is woefully inadequate; the taxation burden of schools is crushing, and the money is merely being shoveled into the maw of an insatiable Moloch.

We are spitted on questions of what education is anyway? It is knowledge; no, it is character; no, it is neither of these but rather the tolerance of the civilized. It is possible to educate everybody; no, no more than one per cent; no, no one at all. Finally, it is almost universally stated that our teachers are woefully underpaid.

I have been a pupil, then a student, then a schoolteacher, and finally an observer on the sidelines. I have seen the schools from several angles and I want to give at least a personal answer, one answer, to some of the questions I have mentioned. I want particularly to examine the common assumption that teachers' salaries are too low, but first it is necessary to define what is meant by being underpaid. I arbitrarily ditch the teacher and his claims and put the affair purely on the basis of his value to society. A man trundling the proverbial pile of bricks from one side of a road to the other and then back again, all day long, sweats and suffers and endures and goes home exhausted by his labors, but the net result of his work is zero so far as the world is concerned.

My First Job

I graduated from a college belonging to the Association of American Universities. I made Phi Beta Kappa. I had a natural aptitude for teaching and was particularly interested in science — all the sciences. After much effort (it gave me pause that nobody seemed to want me) I landed a job teaching science in one of the high schools in a town of 12,000 at a salary of $100 a month for nine months. In this school were about 70 or 80 pupils, and I taught botany, zoölogy, physics, chemistry. The ages of the pupils ranged from fourteen to twenty, and they represented the families of the mayor, the bankers, physicians, merchants, street cleaners, indigents, etc. — a thorough cross-section of the community. It seemed to me natural and to be taken for granted that people would be interested in fossils, plant structure, electricity, the composition of water, rainbows, atoms, and a million and one phenomena of nature. I had always had a native and insatiable curiosity about such things and had soaked up a really enormous body of facts and information, as well as the generalizations, about science in general; and I was anxious to transmit this enthusiasm and pass on this fascinating knowledge.

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A jolt came quickly the first time I gave written tests. I read the papers carefully and corrected them, explaining errors in writing on the margin, referring to the paragraph and page where correct answers could be found. I assumed the youngsters would be interested and would want to know their mistakes and what the correct answers were. Imagine my amazement when they took those papers, glanced at them to get a general impression of how much red ink they showed, and dumped them into the wastebasket before my very eyes without even so much as looking them over. They had not the slightest interest in them except for the grade on the back. I was dumfounded.

Time came for midyear examinations. I gave ten questions covering important and typical facts and processes covered during the course, in both classroom and laboratory. The papers were bewildering. On the whole, my "students" did not know anything at all about what they had presumably studied. Errors, mistaken ideas, plain blank ignorance, total lack of any real understanding — it was incredible. Not ten per cent had passed the courses, if the papers were honestly and coldly graded. They would confuse, for instance, such things as ammonia and nitric acid, which would be about like a farmer confusing a horse and a cow. Many of the answers were plainly idiotic; they did not even make sense.

In this dilemma I cautiously and not too obviously sought counsel and information from the other teachers, most of them veterans. The English teacher did not have a single failure. She had graded her 70 long papers in one hour. The mathematics teacher had only one failure. He explained that he gave credit for "effort" even if the proposition or problem was not solved or, apparently, even half solved. The history teacher also gave credit for effort, that is, for writing something, no matter what. The general idea seemed to be that if someone said Balboa discovered the Mississippi River in 1776, well, that was worth 33 per cent. The man was wrong, and the date was wrong, but the Mississippi had been discovered; that much was correct. And so it went. I arbitrarily wrote down the grades; they all passed. I was learning.

Vision of Opportunity

I landed a new job as head of the department of physical sciences in the high school of a college town of 50,000. It paid $1,200 a year. The laboratories and classrooms were well equipped. I figured that the general level of the pupils would be high. I would start all over again. I had two assistants but I personally taught, each day, two classes in chemistry and two in physics.

Chemistry was the eleventh-grade and physics the twelfth-grade science, and each covered one year. The first half-year of chemistry was rather fundamental, the second half more descriptive. The second part we got away with passably well, if one does not expect anything. The first part was terrible. These kids could not spell; they could not write decent English; they simply could not understand what it was all about. But perhaps the most astounding thing was a total inability to get anything at all involving even the simplest use of arithmetic. They could not get through their heads what was meant by percentage or solve problems involving nothing but simple proportion. I had pupils who, after four months of daily pounding, really did not understand the difference between an atom and a molecule.

The laboratory work was heartbreaking. Wandering about, I would come across two youngsters preparing hydrogen. "Well, what are you doing here?" I might say, as they watched the bubbles come over and collect in the overturned jar. "Making hydrogen." "And what do you have in the flask?" They didn't know! One had got one thing and the other another, and they had duly mixed them — as the directions said. What they were doing didn't mean much more to them than it did to the man in the moon. Of course, I am speaking in general terms. Always in every class were one or two or three — no more — who learned easily and quickly and were really interested. Without them I think life would have been impossible. More about them later.

In physics the boys took a little more interest, but the girls were as usual crucified by the simple arithmetic involved in much of it. In the case of falling bodies, for instance, it is common to speak of their acceleration being so many feet per second per second. The average girl was floored by that expression. Girls are more immune to physics than to any other science.

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Disillusionment

At the end of the year the superintendent and principal were both enthusiastic about me and voluntarily increased my salary to $1,350 a year. I accepted but definitely decided to find out what the trouble was. Was I expecting too much? Were the kids abnormal? Was I a rotten teacher? I watched my first assistant, another veteran, conducting his classes. He was by no means as good a teacher as I was. Then I looked over his examination papers. True, he had asked simple questions but he had not required that they really *answer* even these. Only five per cent of his pupils had failed. Apparently he did not expect anything better. He was perfectly satisfied and felt that he was doing first-rate work.

I turned to other teachers and departments to see what I could find out. They were teaching everything from Latin to typewriting. In English the pupils seemed merely to be learning the stories of the various things they read. In mathematics they somehow plowed through algebra and plane and solid geometry — even logarithms and trigonometry in some cases; yet these were the same kids who couldn't do arithmetic in my science classes. In botany and zoölogy they made rather mechanical drawings; these courses seemed to be mostly just natural history — the habits of animals, the identification of plants; evolution was not mentioned. In history, it was dates and battles and so on; no mention of the influence of geography, the pressure of population, the effect of inventions; and it was all very patriotic — the brave and honest Americans against the cowardly and swinish British, Mexicans, etc. In modern languages there were French, Spanish, German — two or three years of them; but not one single student, so far as I could find out, could actually read or speak or write or understand any foreign language that he had learned in school. Apparently my classes were merely on a par, no better and no worse, with all the rest.

In the third year I rebelled and decided to crack down. At the end of the first half-year I ruthlessly slaughtered those pupils without a reasonable passing grade. The effect was rather disconcerting. I found that as a result I merely had on my hands a mass of "repeaters," a lot of additional and futile work, a good deal of complaining, and a few indignant parents, together with suggestions from "higher up" that I was obviously not a very good teacher. In brief, it was no go. The kids who failed the first time were no better in the second try. The upshot was that they were eventually allowed to pass on to the next grade.

Let me say here, incidentally, that in all the years I taught I do not recall one instance of a child who attended school with reasonable regularity for four years who did not graduate at the end of that time. There were rows and stews and further special examinations, consultations with the superintendent or principal, sessions with the parents, threats to call in the school board, etc., but the end result was invariably a diploma and one new high-school graduate, moron though he might be.

In the fourth year I just let things slide. I became, for a time at least, more or less of a cynic and really did not give a damn whether I taught anything or not. I put the stuff out; my pupils could take it or leave it. I passed everybody. I omitted, deleted, canceled, glossed over everything that experience had taught me it was no use to bother with. I settled down, finally, to the dull, stupid, insipid routine that obtained in all the rest of the high school. I expected nothing and got nothing. I became an expert in acquiescence and indifference. There seemed to be nothing I could do, and I did not even care to do anything. I was licked.

Here, I am well aware, comes the charge that I expected too much. And here I stand and fight. I deny it — completely and *in toto*. Seven times six is 42; it is not 58 or 49 or even 41 or 43; it is 42. In other words, either you know the multiplication table or you don't. Similarly, water is composed of hydrogen and oxygen; it is not composed of nitrogen and argon. The volt is the unit of potential or pressure; it is not the unit of power or energy or current flow or work or resistance or anything else save what it is; either you understand this or you don't. It is impossible to go beyond the simple and accepted facts of any case. The multiplication table cannot be simplified and made easy for some half-wit; the essential nature of fire cannot be reduced beyond a bare statement of chemical fact; a spore is not a seed; a whale is not a fish; obsidian is not a sedimentary rock; Columbus did not discover America in 1548; sugar does not contain nitrogen; meat is not a carbohydrate.

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But, in the end, I did not even try to teach the simple stuff of the textbooks written for high schools. They were too difficult for my pupils.

Discovering the Human Factor

About this time I ran across an expression of Huxley's — "things and their origin and men and their ways." That collection of words hit me squarely between the eyes like a bullet and stopped me dead in my tracks. And after much long and sober and rather humiliating thinking I told myself, "I think that's the answer. You don't know men and their ways. You don't understand people. You don't know human beings." From that day dates a halting but nevertheless increased interest in people themselves, in men and their ways, and less in mere things and their origin.

Since then the passing years have added much and subtracted much from me, till now it seems to me that people may be arbitrarily and roughly split into three groups, just as a fish is divided into head, middle, and tail or a bone into upper, middle, and lower thirds. Chop off the first ten per cent and the last ten per cent and you have 80 per cent left for the middle.

The first ten per cent are incapable of learning; they are the true imbeciles, the actual defectives, the structurally deficient. The trouble may be hereditary or a brain injury. These people will never be different. They may be able to do simple things of a more or less routine or mechanical nature, but they are really damned and finished.

The last ten per cent are born to achieve and work and live and conquer. Schoolteachers do not affect them much one way or the other, save perhaps to retard and frustrate them. They are God's own children. Consider Edison or Ford or Steinmetz or Marconi or Millikan or Faraday or Pasteur or Lincoln or Shakespeare or any one of thousands of others who could be mentioned. What college did Shakespeare graduate from? What schoolmarm taught him to write English? What military academy did Napoleon attend? Didn't young Lincoln practically teach himself to read and write? And what professor schooled young Faraday? (The fact is that Faraday taught his own master a thing or two.) What was there at the Naval Academy to make Michelson devote his life to measuring the speed of light? Obviously nothing; it was just Michelson and his way. And what of Tycho Brahe, Newton, Darwin, Columbus, Leeuwenhoek, Diesel, Orville Wright, Curie, Mendel, Copernicus, etc., etc., etc.? Does anyone imagine that schoolteachers made these people? And yet these have been the vanguard, the supermen, the spearheads of the human race. The human race? No, they are a race apart.

That leaves the 80 per cent, the mass, the ordinary, the usual, the "normal." I belong here myself. I have never done anything of any consequence. I never "burned." I was just a bunch of wet leaves, capable of soaking up a lot but not of taking fire and burning with a light of my own. This great mass is not incapable of learning; quite the contrary, it is fairly bright and can learn almost anything at all that it wants. In fact, it does learn to do shorthand and typewriting, repair automobiles, string wires, drive locomotives, keep books, run banks, sell bonds, build houses, go to Congress, teach school, practice medicine, operate hotels, farm, preach, wage war — all the multiplicity of activities that make up the work of the world. Then why could I do nothing with the 80 per cent? But I am getting ahead of my story.

A Last Trial

As the fourth year ended, I definitely decided to move to another place. Perhaps a larger city would be better. For I was still not convinced. The torch would flare once more before it sputtered out completely and finally.

I secured a job at $1,500 a year in a city of 300,000. It looked like an ideal setup. It was a boys' high school — not a girl in it. The teachers were all men; that was a help. I was to teach general science. The whole range of science from astronomy to zoölogy was boiled down to ABC and compressed into one textbook of moderate size. The course covered one year, and I had about 200 boys, aged about fifteen, divided into six sections. The head of the science department had written me that he wanted to bring it to the "acme of perfection." It was to be all facts. What causes an eclipse of the sun? Just what makes a steam engine work? What happens in a green leaf when the sun shines on it? What is a Kodak film, and how does it make a picture? What is an earthquake? How does an oyster reproduce? And so forth.

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It was the most disastrous and awful year yet. Before it was over, it was positively funny. When a man laughs at his own discomfiture, the debacle is complete. I found my pupils still not interested, but that alone was of no particular consequence; I was used to that. The main difficulty was preserving order. Every second kid seemed to be nothing but a roughneck. Fully three fourths of my energy had to be used up maintaining some sort of discipline, with one fourth left for, presumably, teaching. If I turned to the blackboard to write or illustrate something, a soft hubbub would begin, and, if not promptly squelched, it would quickly become nothing less than a mild uproar. It was like sitting on the lid of a box containing a wildcat: ease up the least little bit, and his paw will be in the seat of your pants.

Three or four hoodlums can completely demoralize a whole class. If these few can be kicked out of each class, it is not so bad. But in this school nothing could be done about it. The trouble was general. One top sergeant from the regular army, given the necessary authority, could have reduced the whole asinine mess to order in a day — although there would have been some broken heads. But that was the trouble: we had no backing and no authority. The gutless principal had to think of his job first. The equally gutless superintendent and ignorant school board likewise were paralyzed before the public who paid the taxes, voted the votes, and "knew" So-and-So.

And A Last Failure

Long before the end of the year, I knew it was my last and, having once decided this, I rather enjoyed the farce. I became an adept at handling irate parents. Largely as an experiment, I "busted out" twenty or so kids at midyear and had them in the spring as a class of repeaters. I used everything I had on them. Once I flatly told them that it was their own funeral if they did not study; that it made absolutely no difference to me personally whether they ever learned anything or not; that the course was being conducted for their benefit only and they could take it or leave it; that I would "bust" them the second time or even the third or fourth, just as I had once. I got a reprimand from the office, of course.

I wanted to see the effect of my "speech"; it came quickly. The very next day I asked a boy a question, and he was paying so much attention that he did not even hear the question (a very common thing; it happened five or six times in every recitation). I asked him to tell me why he didn't make at least some slight effort to get along and to do better. The answer was illuminating. He said: "Well, Mr. Boyd, you told us you were not interested in us. So why should we study? What's the use?" I didn't really know which of the two, he or I, was the bigger fool — he for having no sense or I for expecting him to have sense; so I merely looked at my watch and proceeded with the class.

When the end of the year came, I took my 200 examination papers and dumped the entire lot into a cupboard at school without even looking at one of them. I didn't even bother to check them against the roll to see who was absent. Everybody got a passing grade, even those who were not even present for examination. It was my final gesture. That five-year chapter was finished.

Who Wants to Know?

During the intervening years I have often thought of those weird experiences, and it seems to me now that the trouble really boils down to something fairly simple. I have said that the average person is capable of learning and yet he does not learn anything or want to learn anything in school. Why?

I think it is because the stuff he is asked to study and learn is in no way related to his actual life at that time. Furthermore, so long as we have child-labor laws and other restrictions forbidding children to work till they are adults, I doubt that much of anything can be done about it. We have assumed, in our attempt at universal education, that people in general are or should be interested in mere knowledge. I believe that this assumption is glib; that it is gratuitous; that it is false. I do not mean even to deny the claims of the behaviorists that a child may be made into any sort of person one wishes. Perhaps he can — under the conditions they demand. I am merely talking of the actual workaday world as it is and in which we all, now and here, live and move and have our beings.

Let us get down to cases. Just precisely what difference does it make to a farmer whether he thinks the earth is round and spins on its axis

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or is flat and has the sun to circle around it every 24 hours? Will he not plant exactly the same crops in exactly the same places, harvest them in exactly the same way, and market them for exactly the same price? Just precisely what difference does it make to the average housewife whether Alexander conquered Darius in 1000 B.C. or Darius conquered Alexander in 1000 A.D.? Is there actually one single person in 100,000 to whom it makes one atom of difference whether *utor*, *fruor*, etc. take the ablative or the ablative takes *utor*, *fruor*, etc.? Do you actually know one single person who uses cube root, logarithms, geometry, or quadratic equations in his daily business? Taking the United States as a whole, does more than one tenth of one per cent of the people actually have any use for knowing a foreign language? Do you actually know one single radio listener who cares two whoops what a radio wave is or has the remotest idea of what goes on in a vacuum tube? Do you know a telephone user who cares even one whoop how his voice is really transmitted over a wire? Is it of the slightest consequence to any ordinary human being to know whether he has one lung or two lungs or six lungs, whether glycogen is stored in his liver or in his kidney? If he is sick, he consults a doctor, does he not? Does one have to know the composition of air before he can breathe it? Does one have to be a chemist to light the fire in the furnace or a physicist to turn on an electric light? The thing could be prolonged indefinitely till it covered the whole curriculum. It bogs down in a sort of imbecility. The answer to all these questions is no, but we have somehow assumed that it is yes. The fact is that all the people into whom we have tried to ram all this knowledge have no use for it, no need for it, and therefore no interest in it.

The fact is that merely because a person lives in the world it does not follow at all that he is interested in that world. Take the simple illustration of geography, for instance. It rather fascinates me, and I can pore over maps of all kinds by the hour. But my wife is almost unconscious that there is such a division of human knowledge. If she gets on a train at Philadelphia en route to New York, she doesn't actually know if she is going west, south, north, or east. One day she asked me if in going from Pittsburgh to Washington one would pass through Boston; yet she has been in all these towns, in fact lived in Washington for three years. She doesn't know if St. Louis, for instance, is on Lake Michigan or on the Gulf of Mexico; at any rate it is a city in the United States. For all she knows Singapore may be in Australia or it may be in Siberia; but she knows it is Oriental and contains many Chinamen. She knows that Florida is south of here merely because she has heard the terms "going south" and "going to Florida" used more or less interchangeably; yet she once spent a month in Florida. She doesn't know if the Danube flows into the Pacific Ocean or somewhere else, but she knows Vienna is on it and she thinks it is blue.

Does all this mean that my wife is some sort of imbecile? Positively not. On the contrary, she has a rather devastating intelligence. I have never been able to tell her a lie and get away with it. She was smart enough to capture me and put me to work. She was a graduate nurse and, I am told, a superb one. She worked in the operating room and later had charge of a ward in a world-famous hospital. She is healthy, honest, competent, efficient, amiable, intelligent, and civilized. What more could one ask? Incidentally, let me add that she is a high-school graduate and had two years of college. But this sublime ignorance of geography — just precisely what difference has it made to her? The answer is that it has made precisely no difference whatsoever. Then what is geography for? Why, it is for aviators, ship captains, army officers, ticket agents, shipping clerks, map makers, historians, diplomats, and all others who need or want to know about it. And it seems to be a fact that the love of mere knowledge per se is not one of the attributes of the average human being.

What You Need to Know

But the average human does acquire knowledge. He does learn. When? He learns when he *has* to. He learns when he is on the spot. He learns when it means bread and butter and existence and money to get things he especially wants. He learns when the situation is such that knowledge directly, specifically, tangibly affects him personally in a definite way that he can see and realize and feel and know. He learns when he is confronted with an element of immediate and compelling necessity, which may be either utilitarian or in-

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stinctive. And it is obvious that this situation does not obtain as regards about 99 per cent of the school curriculum. He does not need or want that kind of knowledge at that time.

He does need to know how to read, however. He has to be able to read signs, prices, instructions, news, notes, etc. I was amazed once at how quickly a little boy learned to read when his father refused any longer to read the comic supplements to him. And note that practically all children learn to read. In the same way and for the same reason, they learn to write; to tell the time of day on clocks and watches; to count money; to do simple addition, subtraction, and multiplication; to cross streets; to avoid injury and traps; to find their way about town and country; to drive cars; to play all sorts of games; and to do all the other hundred and one things that make up their actual experience and their daily lives.

It is no use to tell a high-school kid to study his algebra so that when he is an engineer fifteen years hence he can use it in his work. That is too far off. Besides, his ambition may be to be a movie actor or a professional baseball player. The average youngster is interested in sex, athletics, sports, clothes, food, movies, radios, fireworks, parades, spectacles, Friday afternoons, Christmas, holidays of all kinds, the possession of things of all kinds, outwitting his parents and teachers and others who obstruct him, and passing his grade in school. Add stock market and make a few other minor changes incident almost wholly to advancing years and you have the list of things the average adult is interested in. Where, in all of this, is there any compelling necessity for mathematics, history, literature, languages, science, and all the rest of it — except to those people who use a specific part of it in their work or business?

Some interesting corollaries flow from this. If all this stuff dished out in school were of such transcendent value and importance, would it not follow that schoolteachers, being the especial repositories of all this knowledge and wisdom, would themselves be outstanding people? Well, I have known many schoolteachers, and they are not first-rate people. They are not even second rate. They vary rather from third to tenth rate. They generally attend to their own business and are honest, amiable, kind, and all that sort of thing, but it takes more than that to make a first-rate man or woman.

Furthermore, there is a sardonic humor in the fact that, although teachers struggle and sweat to interest pupils in their subjects, they are not even interested in the subjects themselves! Their apparent interest springs merely from the fact that it is their job, the way they make their living. That is the compelling necessity, which harks straight back to what I said above and puts them in the same class with their pupils. If they pursue their subjects further and learn more about them than is necessary for teaching them, it is almost invariably in order to advance themselves professionally or financially and not from any intrinsic interest. When for any reason they chuck their jobs, they chuck their subjects also. This was more or less true in my own case. Whole blocks of the things I used to teach so glibly — formulas, equations, rules, definitions, processes — have long since slid away from me into the limbo of forgotten things. I don't need them or use them any more.

The Overpaid Teachers

These things are, I think, responsible for the incredible excrescences that have grown up all over our educational system — in regard to housing, method, subject matter, and qualifications of teachers — in such weight as almost to sink it. The list of things "taught" has grown and sprawled in all directions, interlaced, turned on itself to form a maze. Furthermore, the stuff must be taught in a certain way; there is a high and mighty technique in imparting the knowledge. The poor teachers are browbeaten into paying out their small salaries in extension courses, going to summer school, keeping up with the latest "developments." There are even special teachers' colleges. They have specialists in teaching teachers how to teach. It is an esoteric and occult science all by itself, which couldn't possibly be practiced by an ordinary person. In order to get a job, one needs far more than common sense, a desire to teach, and a knowledge of the subject; he needs training in pedagogy, psychology, psychiatry, medicine, social service, government, psychoanalysis, the history of teaching, the philosophy of education, etc. This nonsense has extended clear down into the kindergarten, till it takes four kinds of experts to

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teach a child to read. One wonders how it was possible for anyone at all to learn to read a hundred years ago.

You may believe it or not, but I once attended a scholastic-club meeting at which an instructor in Education from a university gave it as his solemn opinion that pupils in high school should be put into separate classes determined on the basis of their being prepubescent, pubescent, and postpubescent. Try to imagine, if you can, the subtle differences of technique in presenting elementary German, say, to a prepubescent and then to a pubescent. No, I am inclined to think that all this expansion and all this hocus-pocus is, at bottom, an effort, albeit perhaps an unconscious one, to cover up a generalized and glaring failure. It was a praiseworthy and valiant effort; it meant well; but I am afraid it has gone up a blind alley. Backing out is hard, but changes are going to be made.

There are many obvious, commonplace, and perhaps disconcerting facts staring the protagonists of the present setup in the face. One is the unconscionable amount of misery and suffering they have caused simple souls, who constitute the majority of the population, by dangling before them hopes and aspirations that can bring them nothing but inevitable frustration, bitter disappointment, and perhaps rebellion. Another is that the actual work of the world is learned outside of school and without its aid. Where do men learn plumbing, barbering, salesmanship, undertaking, plowing, road building, carpentry, bricklaying, auto repairing, iron puddling, well drilling, coal mining, and the other thousand things they do for a living? Practically all businessmen learn their respective businesses by their own efforts and by actually working at them.

The same thing, more or less, applies to politicians, technicians, and even the learned professions. I know a man who, when he came to take an examination for an important scholarship in languages, suddenly found that he had to take an examination in German; and he did not know a word of German. He locked himself in a room with a pot of coffee, a German grammar, a dictionary, and an elementary reader. In 24 hours he plowed through the grammar, learned a vocabulary, read the book, and covered what a high-school kid covers in one mortal year. He had no real interest in language, because after he became a university professor he chucked the whole business and went to farming. But he was on the spot then. He had to learn.

I know a high-school teacher who got together all the law books he could and read them, visited courts, talked to other lawyers, attended two brief courses of summer school during his vacations — and passed his bar examinations. He makes a good living for himself and a large family, and is considered and recognized as an excellent lawyer.

My father was born in the South in 1861. His youth was spent in a ravaged and destroyed country under the reconstruction. There were literally no schools, and he could not have attended one if there had been, because he was in abject poverty. His parents taught him at home out of their own old books. Finally he went for eighteen months to an elderly chap who had a few private pupils in a village five miles from his home. The only things I have ever been able to discover that he studied were Latin and Greek. It may be that this did him some good; it may be that he would have been better off at home hoeing cotton. I don't know. Next he taught school — taught school without ever having been to school! — till he saved a few dollars and went to a medical school. In two years he was a doctor and he has been a thoroughly good one. He has attended clinics and professional societies of all kinds, studied his cases, visited hospitals, asked questions, read his journals and books by the score. He has the biggest personal library in his county. He is respected by his colleagues. He has been honored by his State medical society and by his community for 50 years of continuous medical practice. He is probably out somewhere tonight assisting a wailing recruit into this curious world. Outside medical college, his total formal schooling was exactly none.

I do not mean to decry education. I am just dubious. Reasonable and adequate *opportunity* should be provided — for those who *want* it and can take it. Nothing more; for beyond that I doubt if there is anything one can do. I do not believe that I accomplished anything in the five years I tried it. Society paid me $6,300 for it — little enough, surely, from my standpoint. But I think society was robbed. I was not underpaid. I was overpaid. And so are most schoolteachers.

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Why Have Children?

A Debate

I—Nature's Trap for Parents

***by* JAMES H. S. MOYNAHAN**

ABOUT a year ago a tugboat captain in New York City, when his infant wouldn't stop its crying, punched it in the face and broke its jaw. Public indignation at the father's act was prompt and apparently universal — a fact not to be wondered at. Any safe, popular judgment — however unthinking — is so much easier than the fairness which might have found only pity for a fellow-being so heinously goaded.

Despite the evidence to the contrary, the myth that children are a blessing is treasured jealously — yes and even disseminated further — by people whose daily reactions to children differ from the tugboat captain's only in degree — a restraint for which their good fortune and not their superiority is to be credited.

The Chinese have a torture which consists in standing the victim under a vessel from which a drop of water is allowed to fall once a minute. The victim goes stark, raving mad. That torture, I am sure, was devised by a parent.

If we examined the reasons for which people deliberately have children, we should probably be given something like the following:

Children make for a complete family life.

Children will support you when you are too old to work.

Children supply the answer to the hunger for survival of personality after death (when the agnosticism of the parent refuses to accept the assurances of religion).

Children are companions.

Children satisfy a hunger for beauty.

Children continue the family line as heirs.

Children are fun.

Children are cute.

And Thorstein Veblen would probably add three more: Children are a deference to public opinion and custom, which has made a virtue of necessity.

Children, by their implicit filial loyalty, bolster the importance of the undistinguished parent.

Children can be shown off for the purpose of inspiring envy in the childless.

A glance will show anyone who has had any real experience with children the vanity of these hopes.

A Set of Illusions

WHICH couple enjoys the more complete life — the childless pair who can sit down to a quiet, uninterrupted meal, who can count on the luxury of privacy, the balm of solitude, who can find time to keep up-to-date on the things that feed the soul — books, music, painting, sculpture, the theater, sports, the dynamic fabric of our changing times — or the harried parents whose fevered round of dishes, diapers, and disorder allows them leisure for neither culture, hobbies, nor company, nor even at times (God save the mark!) the exercise of that function for which the very institution of marriage was presumably established.

Perhaps your children will support you when you become too old to work. Perhaps, on the other hand, they won't. Perhaps they will still be relying on *you* to support *them* — along with such incidental dependents of their own as they may have acquired by marriage. Look about you — and reflect.

Children might supply the answer to the hunger for survival of personality after death if they even faintly reflected that personality. Unfortunately, regretfully as we must recognize the fact, they do not. They are entities in themselves, and every disobedience, every re-

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bellion, every disagreement should emphasize it. For my part, I should accept with sharpest misgivings any prototype so colorless, so uninspired, and so docile as never to have initiated a single variant from the parental norm.

Children are companions — of a sort. Actually, divorcing reality from sentiment, they offer, with their immature, undeveloped minds, about the same level of communion as would a high-grade moron. A horse or a dog will not badger you with endless questions, offers no distraction from the loveliness and majesty of nature, and demands, on the whole, somewhat less looking after, being, probably, not on quite so rigid a schedule of naps and feedings. As for the companionship of older children — he will be rash indeed, or else hopelessly parochial, who will stack the company of his child against the mental resources of his adult friends. Who is sent off to bed — the child or the company?

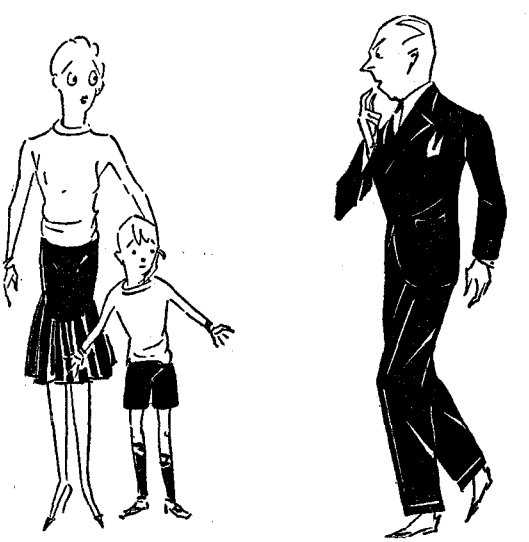
Children satisfy a hunger for beauty. The avid may turn to teaching school or walking through the playground or even pediatric nursing — unless they happen to be willing to toss into the scales the first editions that will be chewed, the lamps that will be broken, the bric-a-brac that will be dropped and smashed, the upholstery and rugs and curtains that will be stained and smeared, the furniture that will be scratched and hacked at and slowly and inevitably disemboweled. The school which holds that there is beauty in an incontinent infant, a spinach-smeared, milk-soaked two-year-old, or a surreptitiously nose-picking or sniveling seven-year-old (minus a salient tooth) is certainly entitled to its opinion.

Children, so far, seem to be the only expedient thus far devised by man for extending the family line. Throwing out the dubious wisdom of presupposing that the world as a whole must inevitably be immeasurably better off if *your* line is not permitted to die out, what assurance have you that the illustrious scion for which you are contracting — sight unseen, remember — will not turn out to be a natural for the case book?

"Children are fun." (!)

Children are cute — there is no gainsaying it. They are fairly cursed with cuteness. For, the elements that go to make up cuteness — imperfect co-ordination, indiscretion, inefficiency, to name a few — are indissolubly wedded to their inevitable results — shattered china, second-degree burns, and floors that will never be quite free from marbles, blocks, dolls, clothing, bits of food, sand, toy furniture, puddles, insects, shellfish, animals, and your own most fragile, most treasured possessions.

With the last three premises listed I have no quarrel. I should like to point out, however, the fallacy inherent in the last. If you weigh your own well-dissembled indifference to all children not your own, you are likely, in the future, to set less store by that imagined envy of your effusive friends. Practically, if a reasonably scientific check were run on all the kids who are dished up by touting parents to run



through the routine of cuteness, I am convinced the tab would show that nine out of ten lay an egg. And I should be interested, too, in the disinterested verdict of a good psychiatrist as to just how much this showing-off process forwards the attainment of that dream of the perfect child.

TRAPPED!

FEW STATEMENTS would go so almost universally unchallenged as the assertion that there is nothing lovelier than an infant. I see nothing humorous in the assertion that there is nothing filthier than an infant. Or more selfish than a child. Or more cruel. Or more destructive. Or more whiny. Think back on the flies whose wings you pulled off. Think back on the treatment older boys accorded you — and the treatment you accorded younger. What has happened to your toys? Swap places with a nursemaid around suppertime. Wait for a child

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to acknowledge a gift without the mother's prompting "— and what do you say?" Try telling a child you can't take him to the circus because you've a sick headache — and see how he takes it. As for the loveliness of the infant in its silk and eiderdown crib — make the most of it before you are disillusioned. If the pillow is clean it is no credit to the baby; he has a fine impartiality for fabrics — be they blue satin or birdseye.

But the distress of these crosses pales before that most exquisite of all torment — the screaming. Or not screaming. Children play in a din of perpetual decibels. Yet there will always be the occasional sharper yell which makes your heart stop with the fear: Is he hurt? And if you are thinking *your* children will be taught to play quietly, then I can suggest only that you hunt up and study an old *New Yorker* cartoon, captioned: *Dear, go and see what Junior's doing and make him stop.*

Besides the task of bringing up a single child, the Augean stable was a job for a sissy. There is literally no end to the teaching, the scolding, the cajoling — over and over, day after day, wearing you out — for what? So that just as the job begins to show results, some hussy you'll have no use for can walk off with him under your nose. And that's just *why* you can't possibly have any use for her.

Consider the myriad tooth brushings you must perform — when you want to sit down to your evening paper. Consider the hand and face washings and consider that for years a child cannot be left alone for a second, because it can upset something or break something or eat something.

Consider the panic at trying to diagnose sickness in a creature that cannot describe its symptoms.

And then think back to the tugboat captain, and let us not forget that among the voices raised highest in condemnation of the tugboat captain's act were undoubtedly those of Bronx housewives who resolve *their* difficulties by poking the baby's head in the gas-stove oven and giving him just enough of a whiff to send him under. . . .

If anyone is thinking that most of these difficulties and unpleasant aspects of having children can be avoided by having servants to take care of them, I can say only that to the extent the parent can dismiss the child from his mind he loses in the intensity of whatever pleasure the possession of children can impart.

"Why all the fuss?" you say. "If anybody doesn't like children, let him give his away. Plenty of people are waiting to take them off his hands."

But, ah, that's just the trap. Designing nature, easily foreseeing what would happen when man awoke to find what a dupe had been made of him, provided for this contingency. Let him once postpone exposure on the hillside, and he's hooked: once under the sway of this blinding folly, man's reason is helpless. And nature, with a fine, ironic touch, called it — of all maudlin names — love!

II—Children Are What You Make Them

by PEARL S. BUCK

I REMEMBER reading a book in which, in one scene, some small boys in an English boarding school were raging against a master who had impartially administered a whipping to them all. Only one, the hero of the book, was silent. When the others demanded why he didn't hate the beastly master, he replied thoughtfully, "I can see why he did it. He was right from how he looked at it."

Let me say at once then that Mr. Moynahan is right — from how he looks at it. None of the reasons he gives for having children is worth the trouble of having them. Children are not necessary to make a complete family life, unless the parents who may produce them feel that life is incomplete without children. If they care more for their solitude *à deux*, for quiet meals, if their souls are fed by "books, music, painting,

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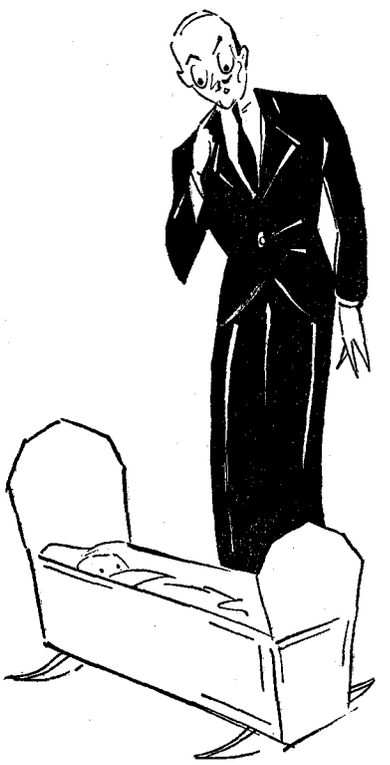
sculpture, theater, sports, the dynamic fabric of our changing times" and not fed by the experience of the deeper union of producing life together or of adopting it for their own and of watching that life flower, then assuredly it is wrong for them to have children and unfortunate for the children to have them as parents.

And if any couple is so selfish as to have children for economic reasons, that is, in the hope of support in old age, those parents deserve the poorhouse, even if they do not get it. Such a motive for bringing a human being to life is unbelievably base and not a whit above medieval ideas of slavery. Not less selfish is the scheme of having children in order to extend the parents' lives into a vague immortality. It is not only selfish, it is absurd. There are also those lazy parents who excuse themselves from the self-development of which they are capable by saying, "My child will do what I have not been able to do." There is no reason to demand more of one's child than one has been willing to achieve himself. The child in his generation will be subject to temptations as great and trials as severe as any the parent has had.

Children as a satisfaction for beauty, as fun, as cute, as deference to public opinion, as companions for adults, as inferior creatures to swell the importance of the parent, as something to show off — anyone who has children for such reasons ought not to have children at all and deserves the unspeakable child he will undoubtedly get. For no one reflects more quickly and more absolutely his elders and his atmosphere than does the child. If the parents are selfish — and they are crassly selfish if they have children for any one of such reasons as Mr. Moynahan gives — the children will be selfish. If the parents want to pursue their hobbies and their pleasure at all costs, the children will be determined to have what they want at all costs. If the parents are harried, disorderly, disorganized in the practical arrangements of their time and their home, the children will be fretful, nervous, disobedient, and disturbed. There can be no peace in such a home and, after a while, dangerously little love. In short, children are the products not only of their inheritance but also of the mental and spiritual atmosphere about them. And I must maintain, as the mother of four children who plans for two more, that, if we can do little about heredity, we can do everything about environment.



An Expression of Love

My first premise, then, is that no one who has children for Mr. Moynahan's reasons ought to have children at all. I do not feel sorry for anyone who does — he gets his deserts, because his children will be like him. The only possible excuse for bringing more life into this overcrowded world or for adopting children into one's home is the conviction of two people, deeply and truly in love, that they want children together as the fullest expression of that love. They must have a solemn determination to ask nothing of the children for themselves except what the children's hearts, shaped and developed by the atmosphere with which the parents surround them, want naturally to give. In other words, the child owes the parent nothing in return for the unasked gift of life.

With such a beginning, it is poor management indeed which succeeds in creating the atmosphere Mr. Moynahan describes — "shattered china, second-degree burns, floors never free from marbles, blocks, dolls, clothing, bits of food, sand," and so on, down to the parents' "most treasured possessions." (It is obvious, by the way, that the treasured possessions are not the children!) For such an atmosphere parents have only themselves to blame. Sometimes this bad management comes from the unwillingness of one or both parents to give sufficient time or thought to the proper organization of their own and their children's time and possessions. They are beset by a continual fretful revolt, which inevitably the children share. Again, such parents do not deserve children,

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and the children are greatly to be pitied. Yet sometimes a parent — usually the mother — is loving enough but simply a bad manager. This is a difficult situation, and the father as well as the mother must recognize it, analyze the difficulty, and reorganize the environment.

Even a very small home can be ordered and organized so that children and adults have their respective places. Too many adults make no adjustment at all to their children. They expect as much time for the pursuit of their customary pleasures as they had before the children came. Naturally, children interfere. If these pastimes are so important, there should not have been any children. But, if children have been intelligently planned for, it is surprisingly easy to live with them. It is true that they cannot fit into the adult schedule. They must have some life of their own. But it is quite unnecessary for the parents to give up even so much as a third of their time to their children unless they enjoy doing so. Healthy, well-trained children take surprisingly little time out of a day. Given a space of their own, however small, in which to play freely, they do not disturb the rest of the house. And if the child is not healthy and well trained in this day of knowledge about diets and child training, it is, again, nobody's fault but the parents'.

Parenthood Its Own Reward

Who, then, should have children? Only those who really want them and who want them for the children's sake alone; only those who are convinced that life is a joy and a benefit worth conferring on an unborn soul or on one already born but homeless. And only those deserve children who find the care of a small body, the unfolding of a fresh mind, the expanding of a nature into the fullness of its individual capacity more exciting and more important than art or sculpture or anything else. I do not mean to suggest that there must be a choice between the children and the other pursuits. But one or the other must be the more important. If children are not the more fascinating, the more exciting, the more worth while, then they should never have been brought into that home.

The question of having children or not is to be answered simply by how much one wants them. The world needs no great number of people. We should all be better off if fewer babies were born. The wisest birth control would be that which would allow only the wanted child to be born, because only the wanted child will be given the atmosphere in which it can develop its highest possibilities.

I should like to see couples who want a child required to apply to a Court for Unborn Children for permission. There they would have to prove how much they want the child before they would be allowed to proceed. And the court's decision would have nothing to do with riches or poverty. The poor parents must face a little more giving of their time to washing and feeding and tending, but, if this is not a labor of love, if even the lowliest details of care are not part of a joyful process, then that couple had better decide against having children. Nor should the wealthy individual who will not give up part of his business or social life to his children take that step. Such rearrangement of life must imply no sacrifice. It must be an eagerly sought-for pleasure. It must be more fun to bathe the baby and give him his supper and put him to bed than it is to play bridge — or there should not be any baby at all.

Some people ought to have children and some ought not. It is a question of individual talent and individual desire, like anything else. A boy who wants to farm is miserable if he has to learn to play the piano and a boy who wants music is unhappy if he is thrust into a bank. Some people are made to be parents and some are not. Some couples need children to complete their love and some do not. I still contend and will contend that nobody needs to have naughty children or nasty children or troublesome children. That is just bad management!

The reward of having children is not in what they will do for you. The reward is solely in the joy of creating life, of watching personality unfold and grow, in seeing at last a rich, full nature matured and ready to live. If everything you have done for the child, from washing diapers to reading poetry, has not been joy, if the knowledge that your child is a fine human being is not reward enough in itself, then you know that you should not have been a parent.

Next Month: "Why American Women Marry Foreigners"

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Arab and Jew in the Holy Land

Will the Chosen People Repossess Palestine?

by **WILLIAM SCHACK**

THE PRESENT disorders in Palestine, the most sustained of the four outbreaks since she became an English mandate, prompt a re-examination of the entire problem; for it is not alone outside provocation and support which have precipitated them but the ripening internal situation itself. That Nazi pamphlets have been found among the Arabs is quite credible — the Nazi mind is capable of spreading anti-Jewish propaganda in heaven and hell. That the Italian radio station at Bari has for the past year been broadcasting anti-British sentiments in Arabic, even going so far as to invent tales of revolt against British rule, has undoubtedly had its effect. That "mysterious sources are subsidizing Palestine Arabs," with recruits of the "national guards" being given $30 a month, as a *New York Times* correspondent reports, would, if it were true, have even more influence. The commission of inquiry after the 1929 massacres learned that many of the Arabs who participated in them were bought for a package of cigarettes. Assuming that these "mysterious sources" are also a rival of Britain, we must still understand the situation which lends itself to being exploited by them. With the Italian conquest of Ethiopia, the Japanese invasion of China, the German intention of demanding the return of the Reich's African colonies, the stage is being set for imperialistic conflict, and it is not impossible that Jerusalem may become another Sarajevo. It is not impossible that Palestine, as an approach to India via the Suez Canal, may again be reduced to the battlefield of the nations she was in ancient times, as the land bridge between the Fertile Crescent and Egypt. But, for the time being, the Arab-Jewish-British conflict is still paramount.

The essence of the Arab protest is that England, as the mandatory power, is for her own imperialistic interest withholding political freedom from the Arabs and that the Jews, in so far as they are settling in Palestine not as individuals but as a nation under the protection of the Balfour Declaration, are one front of that imperialism. That the Balfour Declaration was drawn up under international sanction does not impress them: they still regard it as a British product, bearing the "gold-medal awards" of foreign nations. They can always point back to England's promise of Arab freedom in return for their revolt against the Turks, which antedated the Balfour Declaration and from which Britain slithered out at the peace conference; nor will they grant the validity of Britain's alleged exemption from that promise of certain areas, including Palestine, until they see the memorandum in print.

That England's aim in procuring the mandate was to protect her imperium seems perfectly obvious. If Jewish and other idealists without sense of *Realpolitik* were not so sure that her aim was to be the new Jehovah for the Jewish people, it could be taken for granted. It was an English poet who wrote:

How odd
Of God
To choose
The Jews.

How much odder it would have been for Britain to assume the role of a dollar-a-year man! (The Palestine Government's surplus for 1935 was about $30,000,000, but England probably didn't anticipate that it would be such a good thing!)

English spokesmen usually begin by alluding to their country's benevolent rule in Palestine

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and end with the truth. Thus, Leopold Amery, Secretary of State for the Colonies, in 1927:

> As for Palestine, [it is] really a matter of pride to any Englishman to contrast the position of that country even ten years ago with its position today. The wonderful experiment upon which Lord Balfour's statesmanship encouraged this country to embark during the War was giving an opportunity and protection to the Jews to come back to the land of their forefathers, to develop there in their ancient home under a sense of uplifting which they certainly could not feel in many parts of the world.
>
> [The whole of England's naval strategy today depends] on the navy being free to move from this country to the Mediterranean, through the Suez Canal . . . the security of which could be maintained if Great Britain was strong on each side of the canal and if the countries adjoining it were, at any rate, in friendly hands and free from hostile intervention.
>
> From that point of view the position we had achieved in Egypt and which we were building up in Palestine and in the Near East was an immense insurance of the whole security of the British Empire, which rested on the navy.

At a luncheon in New York last spring tendered Major Henry Adam Proctor, M.P., by the Zionist Organization of America, Mr. Amery said that Britain "cannot allow the Palestine experiment to fail" because of its strategic value "in the event of an attack on the Suez Canal." One cannot ask for greater candor. There is no point in arguing what British statesmen admit. In view of the increasing agitation for self-rule in Egypt since Mr. Amery was in office (agitation which England appeased last summer in an agreement which cost her nothing) Palestine has become correspondingly more important to England. If we add that even if $100,000,000 of English capital has been invested in Palestine there is little of what may be called exploitation of native labor in the usual colonial fashion, we may take it for granted that the British are in the country in the interests of a "higher" imperialism.

But is the Jewish colonization also a form of imperialism? The Arab view, which many liberals and communists share, is that it is, in so far as it is taking place under British "protection." Though Soviet Russia has granted autonomy to its many minority peoples, she has persecuted Zionists within her borders. This, of course, is not an expression of anti-Semitism, for the U.S.S.R. has also set aside Biro-Bidjan for development as an autonomous Jewish state, but is based on the premise that Zionism is a movement exploiting another people. This doctrinaire view had its violent repercussions in England among Jewish laborites and leftists after the Arab massacre of Jews in Hebron and Safed in 1929. Some held to the party line that the event was a glorious uprising of the oppressed against their oppressors; others could not square it with their humanitarian principles, their feeling for kin, and their reason.

Their reason told them what Arab leaders themselves did not deny — that the work the Jews were doing was wholly constructive and that as such they could not regard it as evil. To evaluate this work and to measure the force of the Arab and communist position that, constructive or not, it is imperialistic, it is necessary to give the reader some picture of the country, for, without it, with the best will in the world, one cannot understand the situation.

Restoring a Wasteland

One hears that it is the least fertile part of the Fertile Crescent, without quite realizing that there is no firmly drawn outline even around the Crescent, that it is everywhere broken into by the desert. One hears that Palestine is barren, but *barren* is only a word. One must ride through the hills of Judea, and Samaria and see those stony hills, like quarries reduced to chips; one must feel throat thirst and eye thirst and rejoice at the sight of flowing water, as at Elijah's Pool in Jericho; one must come upon a tree and feel that it is a miracle; one must go by the swamps of Huleh, with its malaria-stricken inhabitants and their sedge-grass huts, and compare it with the flourishing settlements Jews have reclaimed from just such land both before and after the War, at Hedera, Dagania, Rehoboth, the Plain of Esdraelon. Literally, they have made the desert bloom again — in spots. (When forests, planted with such infinite pains by the Jews, are wantonly burned in the present disorders, it is little short of murder.) Industry too has become a life-giving force; and who ever heard of a theater, a symphony orchestra, or a university in Palestine before?

To see the country is to realize that no people would ever migrate to Palestine if they could help it. In the usual sense it is anything but a land of opportunity; but the Jews are making it that. When one thinks of the hundreds of thousands of Syrian Arabs in the post-War

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Drawing by Israel Poldi

Jaffa–Tel Aviv Road

period emigrating from their country, which is far less harsh than Palestine, being comparatively well watered and richer in natural resources, one must conclude that the natives of the latter stay put only because they cannot help themselves. It is only a unique combination of forces that compels and enables Jews to settle there: the force of starvation or persecution in other countries; the force of sentiment for Jewish tradition and the ancestral homeland; and, finally, the enabling force of money. Without the hundreds of millions raised by world Jewry for land purchase and reclamation, for medical institutions, education, and research, the sentiment could not have found creative expression. Nor would the further hundreds of millions have come into the country subsequently for investment — partly benevolent, seeking only a limited return, but much of it hopeful for good, substantial dividends, in which it has not been disappointed.

The economic benefits to Arabs of all classes have been enormous. In the first place, Jews have acquired all the land they have by purchase and at prices from three to eighteen times the value measured by the previous return in rent. They have bought either from large — generally absentee — landowners or from small freeholders. In the former case, they are obliged by law to compensate displaced tenant farmers with a plot of land or cash ($200–$300). Where they have bought land from independent fellaheen, what has usually happened is that the latter disposed of half their holdings. The proceeds, together with the stimulus of their Jewish neighbors, enabled them to improve their remaining property to a much higher degree of productivity than their total holdings had before. Colonel E. R. Sawer, Director of Agriculture and Forests, wrote:

> The existence of Jewish farms on which modern agricultural methods are invariably employed has not failed to exercise a beneficial and civilizing effect on the neighboring villages. In Sheikh Mywannis, for instance, all farmers with very few exceptions employ European ploughs; there are four harvesting machines and a big threshing plant. Modern methods are employed in laying out new orange groves, and commercial fertilizers are used in imitation of Jewish farm practice.

This refers especially to those areas in which

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the fellaheen have sold part of their land to Jews. And all Arab farmers — tenants and freeholders alike — have benefited by the big market the Jewish settlers in the cities have created for their produce.

The government, which is supposed to facilitate close settlement on the land by Jews, has granted them some 18,000 acres of state lands, of which only 21 per cent are cultivable, while it has given Arabs 140,000 acres, all of it cultivable. In the desirable Beisan area it has in fact given them much larger parcels than a family can work, so that speculators have bought up large tracts — and offered them to Jews for sale! When, recently, the government gave the Jews permission to develop some 12,000 acres in the Huleh region which the previous concessionaire, a Syrian, had done nothing with, it exacted $1,000,000 for it and stipulated besides that the present Arab squatters were to receive one third of the land, after the Jews have drained a large swamp which vitiates the place now!

What the Jews Have Brought

The new immigration furthermore has brought the Arabs more employment, more education, better sanitation and health. More employment: to unskilled laborers in the building trades, to clerical and technical workers in government offices, to teachers. More education: a trebling of enrollment in the schools since 1920 and a change from the outlived religious to secular schools. There has been a marked diminution in the two worst diseases which had long ravaged the country — malaria and trachoma — and in the death rate.

It has been said that these benefits are not without their serious drawbacks, that Arab employment, for instance, which has been stimulated by Jewish colonization, suffers a decline when the latter slackens. That is undoubtedly true. But one may well ask what would those same Arabs have done if there had been no Jewish activity to begin with. The solution would seem to be in continuous constructive work, avoiding so great an acceleration that it must be followed by a relapse. In the free development of a capitalist economy, such things as real-estate booms, regrettable from a wide social point of view, are inevitable. But the administration's principle of admitting Jewish immigrants only within the economic absorptive capacity of the country aims to control inequalities in employment, thus minimizing fluctuations in the welfare of the Arabs.

They could not have enjoyed the benefits enumerated above if there had been no Jewish colonization, for the newcomers provide a far higher proportion of the government revenues, while receiving a smaller proportion of government aid. Customs duties, land-transfer and industrial taxes, rents — all fall more heavily on them. In 1932, when the Jews comprised twenty per cent of the population, semiofficial estimates placed their contribution to government at 47 per cent of the total. There are those who hold that this is no great sum to pay for the privilege of settling in a country which did not invite them to do so: they are arguing on sentimental grounds, not within the realistic framework I am trying to set up in this article.

Furthermore, Jews do not benefit from the government-supported schools and hospitals but maintain institutions of their own. Of the $4,500,000 expended on education by the government from 1921 to 1929, only $300,000 or less than seven per cent went to the Jewish school system. Hadassah, an organization of 50,000 American Jewish women, was a pioneer in the field, erecting its hospitals, clinics, infant-welfare stations, open to Arabs as well as Jews. Its annual budget for the past ten years has averaged about $400,000. Kupat Cholim, the medical system supported by the Jewish General Federation of Labor (Histadruth) has steadily risen in importance. Its budget for 1936 was $900,000 — larger than the health budget of the government itself! (Labor contributes 83 per cent, employers fifteen per cent, other sources two per cent.) But the government did not begin to contribute funds regularly to the Jewish health services until the last three years. In 1934 it gave Kupat Cholim $15,000 and the 1935–6 budget of Hadassah $18,500. To the new $800,000 Rothschild-Hadassah University Hospital it has contributed $31,000.

It is in the light of these realities that one must decide if the Jewish colonization is to be classified as imperialism. A mass migration of a unique order, primitive in its emotional drive, sophisticated in its means and organization, it could more easily be recognized for what it is if there were no intervening mandatory power.

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And this without consideration for the Jewish claim to the country by historic association.

Who Are the Arabs?

Up to this point I have been speaking of the Arabs as "they," as if they were all bound by a single interest, presenting a firm, common front to Jewish penetration; and that is the unconsciously assumed attitude of the outside world. It needs examination.

First of all, let us consider the potential ruling class. This is the large landholders, the effendis. About half of the cultivable land in Arab hands is owned by some 250 families; five families own about two per cent of it. It is from these same families that some of the most intransigent anti-British, anti-Zionist leaders have sprung — Haj Amin el Husseini, Grand Mufti of Jerusalem and head of the Moslem Supreme Council; Aouni Bey Abdul Hadi, a lawyer; Jamal Bey El Husseini; and, lately, Ragheb Bey Nashashibi, former mayor of Jerusalem. It is a commonplace to those familiar with Palestinian affairs that Arab politics is largely concerned with the bitter rivalries of the Husseini and Nashashibi families. In his dispatch of June 14, 1936, the correspondent of the *London Times* went so far as to say that the present Arab strike and the ensuing open rebellion were directly engineered by Ragheb Bey Nashashibi, smarting from his defeat in 1935 by Dr. Husseini Khalidi for the Jerusalem mayoralty, as a means of bringing the Husseinis into disfavor with the government. These leaders want the dominant political power which is theirs by economic right and are therefore hostile to the mandatory power, who withholds it from them in her own interest, and to the Zionists, for whose sake the latter alleges she withholds it. As representatives of a semi-feudal order, the effendis also resent the liberalizing influence of the Jews. If organized Jewish labor gets on better terms with the natives, how long will it be before the hitherto docile Arab labor and the virtually enslaved tenant farmers begin to get notions?

It was from this upper class that the first protests against the Balfour Declaration emanated. They were ready to make use of any argument, reasonable or specious, in their cause nor did they hesitate to invent atrocities in order to incite the Arab masses to follow them. In 1929, for example, they stirred up their credulous people by spreading the report that the Jews had destroyed the Mosque of Omar. They claimed that the Jews, when they purchased land, did not compensate displaced tenants as provided by law, but a commission of inquiry proved that they had greatly exaggerated the case. They have persistently demanded that the government forbid the sale of land to the Jews, at the same time that they have offered the latter their own land — indirectly, of course, through go-betweens.

But the effendis and their retainers are not the only genuinely anti-British, anti-Zionist Arabs ("genuinely" in contrast to the masses of Arabs who are merely the instruments of their protest). Especially in the revolt of this year, a new force has come to the front — Arab youth. It is a paradox that they who have been able to obtain an education and, with it, a higher consciousness of nationalism only because of the resources brought in by the Jews and English should turn against them. But it cannot for that reason be lightly dismissed as "biting the hand that feeds." For no doubt many of these Arab youths have not, like the effendis, an ax to grind, but are idealists. That is both their strength and their weakness — strength, because they are conscious of fighting for a principle; weakness, because that principle, nationalism, is no longer the all-noble, all-justifying concept it used to be. In their minds, nationalism means political freedom; but we know now that, for the empty-handed, political freedom is empty also. In Palestine, it would mean simply the rule of the effendis, uninfluenced by the masses of Arabs and indifferent to their welfare. The political freedom the young Arab nationalists desire they have a much better chance of winning in a Palestine in which progressive Jewish opinion also has its say.

Whose Land Is It?

Some of the young nationalists no doubt grant that the country is impoverished and that the Jews can measurably improve it but are willing to take it, poor as it is, such as it is, so long as it is their very own. This kind of argument makes liberals quail. But to admit its validity is to admit that possession has higher claims than use. On the strength of it, the North American continent belonged to the Indians, and white men had no right to it, as if

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Drawing by Jacques Zucker

Young Pioneer

the European migration westward were not as indisputable as the flow of the tides or the succession of the seasons.

What the liberals really mean in standing for self-determination is that no people should be oppressed by another. The whites could not have been kept out of America, but there was no necessity for their treating the Indians as they did — for the Dutch shooting them down for stealing a few peaches, for the New England colonists burning a Narragansett village with all its inhabitants, for the United States to shift the Cherokees from Georgia to Arkansas to Oklahoma to off the map. Properly posed, the question is whether the new Jewish colonization is exploiting the Arabs in any way. To this the answer must be, "No." It is against Zionist policy to do so; it is against the principles of the labor organization to which the great majority of Jewish working-class settlers belong; and even the capitalist newcomers are often restrained by a degree of sentiment. To hold, as some do, that the colonization in itself, from the very fact that it competes with the natives for room, constitutes exploitation is to deprive the word of any meaning. (The conception of competition is itself misleading, for the Jews are not forcing the Arabs out of the country. In developing its resources, they are making possible a more intensive settlement for both Arabs and Jews. Far from displacing Arabs, they have enabled thousands to come in from the north, illegally, who have found a place for themselves in the country's economy.)

To deny the existence of exploitation, however, is not to deny that the new colonization has created difficulties. But it is necessary to draw a distinction between difficulties and

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injustices with which the Zionists cannot fairly be charged. If there are pains accompanying the adjustment of Arab-Jewish relationships, they may be regarded as, potentially, the labor pains of a higher order of civilization.

That goal can be reached only when there is free intercourse between the two groups. It is by meeting on common ground, in industry, trade, and agriculture, in homes, schools, and hospitals, that they can allay suspicion and prejudice and come to know each other as human beings and compatriots. There are places now where Jews and Arabs are good neighbors. An extension of the area of good will depends on the realization of the mass of the people that what matters most is the economic well-being of the country.

For Mutual Benefit

The most effective medium for encouraging mutual understanding is a common job. The difficulty, of course, is that Jewish employers are confronted with the Zionist aim of increasing the Jewish population as rapidly as possible. The key to the situation is held, shakily, by Jewish organized labor. For the Jews, of all classes, cannot sanction a division of labor along racial lines, and they know that the higher standard of living they are setting up for the common man in Palestine cannot be maintained without the aid of Arab labor. In fact they once financed a strike of Arab workers in a Jewish-owned match factory and have agitated against the exploitation of Arab hands in the orange groves of certain pre-War Jewish colonies. It is up to them to fight for a common wage for the same kind of work. Competing for jobs on the same level, they will not tempt employers to make their choice along racial lines. Certainly in the building trades, in retail shops, in many factories and farms there is room for Jews and Arabs to work side by side, as they do in government institutions. As a matter of fact, Arabs are employed in Jewish agriculture and industry — a couple of hundred in Palestine Potash alone, the company which extracts the Dead Sea salts and where, incidentally, there has been no conflict with Jewish fellow workers; and Arab entrepreneurs have used some skilled Jewish labor. But that is only a small beginning. Employers, both Arab and Jewish, have a long way to go.

At the moment, this necessity is obscured. For the increase in the Jewish population in the past decade, from 150,000 to 400,000, has made the Arab leaders aware of the strides their opponents have made toward becoming a majority (a position it must still take them decades to attain) and spurred them to the most intensive resistance they have thus far made. This is the ripening internal situation I referred to in the beginning of the article. In the agitation over which people shall be the dominant majority, the Arab masses forget that they have, among their own kind, always been in the majority without ever being dominant and so cannot become aware of their self-interest.

Besides Jewish labor, there are other forces trying to better the relationship between the races. The Jewish Brith Shalom has been at work for some time. The more recently organized Antifa (anti-fascist group) sent an Arab and a Jewish spokesman to the international peace congress held in Brussels in September.

Impossible as it is to offer a magic formula for adjusting Arab-Jewish-English relationships — the situation calls for hard work, not for magic — one thing is certain, that the masses of Arabs and Jews have nothing to lose and everything to gain by co-operation. Once they realize it and act on it, the acute English angle will be eliminated. Palestine is a mandate, not a colony of England. When Arabs and Jews can get together, she will have to make her exit. Until then, while serving her own interests, she can, incidentally, be a useful umpire in a game whose rules are not too clear to the participants themselves. If those interests impel her to lean backward in favor of the Arabs, that is part of the price the Jews must pay for a guardian who cannot afford to offend Arab opinion outside the narrow limits of Palestine.

Furthermore, even a "higher" imperialism has its dangers. The Iraq Petroleum Company, which has brought one of its pipelines from the newly developed fields at Kirkuk in Mesopotamia to the port of Haifa, is an international consortium in which the two major fascist powers — Germany and Italy — have no part. When war breaks out — it seems soft to say "if" war breaks out — that accessible source of fuel will provide a focus for imperialist rivalry. That is a possibility which ought to accelerate the mutual understanding of Arab and Jew, if reason has any part in human affairs.

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Chronicle of Death

It is admitted that force and matter can be neither created nor destroyed and have therefore existed and acted from all eternity.—Flammarion.

No matter how a man may try
No man alive can ever die;
The tortured flesh that he has known
The hated blood, the hated bone,
The hands, the feet, he stretches through
Are elements in which he grew.

A wisp of wind, a touch of air —
There is no dying anywhere
That he can find; no simple peace,
After the body's limp release,
May swallow him; when weight is gone
His spirit will adventure on.

The total life, the total death
Are strange to him who draws no breath;
For now he feels, from end to end,
His own existence curve and blend
Until the mergings both are one
Within a circle going on —
Moving outward faster, faster,
Into something wider, vaster.

In the void of endless space
He will whirl into his place;
He will let his spirit swing
In a great celestial ring,
Held in line with avatars
By the balance of the stars.

All in part, and part of all,
He feels immensity grow small,
Lose its weight, and lose its size,
Till it fall, and till it rise
A minutely measured thing
To his perfect rhythming.
He will catch the pulsic beat
Of vibrations made complete;
Every star and every sun
Will be melted into one,
While he suffers, while he yearns,
Till he turn with all that turns —
Molecules and magnitudes —
Through their colors, through their moods,
Into the harmonic strife
Of an everlasting life.

Hell or heaven will be there
In the distance of a prayer;
If he knows, or does not know,
He must move and he must grow,
He must live within the scope
Of the fear and of the hope,
That in body, blood, and bone
He accepted as his own.

Through the eons, through the ages,
He will wheel in cosmic stages;
He will know and he will see
All that was and is to be.
He will find himself a part
Of that great magnetic heart,
Centered there within the plan
Beating all into its span.

Until a body like a flame,
Without a track, without a name —
Pull the suns and pull the spheres
From their paths of countless years —
Break the circles, break the ties
Of the rhythm of the skies.

Heat, and flame, and waves of light
Will touch and spin him in his flight
Till he move within the course
Of an atmospheric force;
Through the aura, through the spell
Of the forming of a cell,
Faster now he shall be hurled
To the summit of a world
Stirred with power, stirred with form
Of a body growing warm.

He will struggle, he will strain
In the prison of that brain,
Fighting sinew, fighting breath,
To escape back into death —
Till he sense a pulsing urge
Move, and tingle, and emerge —
Till the rhythms in him glow
And his blood begin to flow —
Till again with surging might,
The body and the soul unite
And through visions thinly drawn,
Slowly, he shall be reborn.

Lucy Kent

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Sight by Faith

by **TERENCE HARRINGTON**

Cures by Faith

Medical science no longer looks to the physical laboratory exclusively for the solution of its problems. It recognizes that there are cases of apparently organic disease where there is no discernible pathological condition to treat. In these cases it is turning to the mind as the seat of the disorder. THE FORUM *herewith presents the first of several articles dealing with this new trend in medicine. Dr. Harrington discusses the suggestive cure of hysterical blindness. In a second article, Mr. Winifred Rhoades will make a more comprehensive approach to the relationship between sick bodies and sick souls.*

DAILY there appear in our newspapers and magazines stories of miraculous cures of paralysis in people who have been bedridden for years, of catalepsies induced by emotional shock or appeal to the relic of a saint. Every evangelist well knows the power of prayer as a healer and capitalizes on his knowledge. The huge mound of braces, crutches, and canes heaped before the famous grotto of Lourdes is mute evidence of what faith can and *does* do to restore to normalcy that vast army of unfortunates who are as truly "the lame, the halt, and the blind" as if they had been the victims of a major catastrophe.

No thinking man will have any quarrel with these so-called faith cures, for they do occur. Who are we to question the part played by an Almighty God in Whom we know exists the power to accomplish many things beyond our understanding?

There is, however, a form of cure by faith which is exercised almost daily without benefit of prayer and with none of the fanfare or resort to the spectacular which so often accompanies the evangelical preacher's use of his powers. I refer to the ordinary diagnosis, treatment, and cure of the hysterically blind, of which any oculist or psychiatrist can tell you. Not that these cases are not spectacular, for they are; but they have become so much an integral part of scientific medicine that they are now simply considered another of the many types of blindness to be diagnosed and treated in a specific manner.

It must be remembered at the outset that hysterical blindness is as real a loss of vision as that which follows many organic diseases of the eye or brain. It is a condition more common than is usually supposed, and during periods of mental or physical stress, such as war or economic depression, there is a sharp increase in its incidence. There is no faking or pretense of an inability to see, and it is sharply differentiated from such so-called malingering.

In hysteria, some mental aberration brings on a loss of vision which may be complete or partial, in one eye or both, and which shows no organic basis for its cause. As a precipitating factor there is frequently present some "intolerable" situation in the afflicted person's life: some disagreeable problem at home or in business which he has been unable to solve or circumvent. Unconsciously his mind has taken this drastic way out of its difficulties. It is a mental application of the old principle of counterirritation, in which a pain in one part of the body is made to seem less by irritation of another part.

As is frequently the case in organic disease, the diagnosis of hysteria as a cause of blindness is often more difficult than its cure. The conscientious doctor must forever keep in mind the possibility of infection, tumor, or injury. He knows by experience and teaching that these and all other organic causes must be proved nonexistent by a process of careful examination and elimination. All of his clinical acumen may be called upon to prove not that his patient is suffering from hysteria but that he is *not* suffering from organic disease of the visual appa-

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ratus. This may well be so difficult a task that when the diagnosis is finally clear the question of treatment and cure becomes, relatively, a simple one.

II

BELIEF or faith in the possibility of cure is the first requirement of successful treatment, and this applies no less to the doctor than it does to the preacher or the saint. The sufferer *must* be made to believe that he will get well, that he will see again, that the proposed treat-

ment will be successful. This calls for a certainty of manner on the part of the doctor, and no vacillation or slightest hesitation over the methods to be employed must be evident.

No two people are exactly alike, either physically or in their mental reactions to external influences, and no two doctors will use exactly the same methods of treatment. Basically, however, the principles are universal in their application. Some clear, concise and logical explanation is given to the patient as to the cause of his blindness. He may be told even that his illness is one of the mind rather than of the eyes. A method of treatment is outlined and explained in some detail, with a logical exposition of the manner in which it works. The blind man must be made to believe implicitly that he will see again, and, when it is evident that he *does* believe, treatment is instituted.

The actual treatment may take almost any conceivable form. It is usually a shock of some kind. Something is done which the patient can see or feel strongly and of which he is acutely aware as a possible curative agent. Exposure to a nearby flash of lightning has effected cures in hysteria by the method of shock. The blind person has been so violently startled that unconsciously he has run or otherwise moved to protect himself, thus uncovering the realization that he *can* see. Having once done so, he is cured; on this principle the doctor works.

Mrs. Meyerson enters the eye dispensary of a large clinic. She is led carefully and falteringly across the threshold by a terrified husband. It develops that there was a quarrel at the breakfast table and that Mr. Meyerson, in a fit of anger, threw a cup of hot coffee across the room, striking his wife somewhere about the head. There was immediate and complete loss of vision. Careful inquiry reveals that Mr. Meyerson is subject to frequent and violent rages; that his wife has recently had spells during which her hands and feet became numb; and that she has been wearing glasses found on the street and having considerable trouble with her eyes.

The whole morning and a large part of the afternoon are taken up with examinations, and nothing is found to account for the blindness. The examinations are exhaustive and exhausting, and by midafternoon both husband and wife are very tired, somewhat bewildered, and still thoroughly frightened. Finally they are ushered into a small room and seated comfortably for the first time that day. A young doctor in a white coat sits down with them and begins to talk. He is earnest, sincere, serious. Mrs. Meyerson cannot see him, but she feels a timbre in his voice that quiets the restless hands in her lap. He is telling her that she will see again. She looks hopefully toward the voice, and is told that the hot coffee splashed in her eyes that morning has caused a thin film to form which has blotted out her vision. This film is easily removed (there is a calm certainty in the voice) by means of a delicate burning instrument which will be applied to the eye. Unfortunately this operation hurts quite a bit, but the pain lasts only fifteen or twenty minutes, and then her vision will be completely restored. She remonstrates that she doesn't mind a little pain so long as she can see again, and her husband, in an ecstasy of repentance, swears that he will never be angry with her again.

After some preliminary preparation, the

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doctor gently turns the eyelids, exposing their undersurface of delicate membrane. Across them he brushes a small cotton pledget soaked in a solution commonly used in the treatment of inflammation of the lids. This solution is astringent and gives a sharp burning sensation to the eyes, so that they are involuntarily tightly closed. Gauze pads are placed over them, and the patient, who is wincing with pain, is told to hold them for the few minutes necessary to allay the burning. The operation has been performed, and Mrs. Meyerson is informed that as soon as the pain is gone she may open her eyes. She is cautioned to do this slowly, as the light may bother her at first. There is no mention of the possibility of failure to restore her sight.

In a few minutes the pain begins to subside, the spasm of the lids relaxes, and cautiously the patient blinks a little. With a cry of joy and

then weeping she sees the white walls of the room and, through her tears, the chairs, the tables, her husband. She is again a normal, independent human being.

Simple? Yes, in this instance, but I have seen it done in just this manner: quietly, surely, without resort to the blowing of trumpets or the hallelujah of the revivalist. Dishonest? Perhaps, and yet the future of a human life was in the balance. Quackery? Certainly, if the cure alone is considered. Backed up, however, by the careful exclusion of organic disease as a basis for the loss of vision, it becomes as surely a part of scientific medicine as the surgical treatment of cataract.

Needless to say, the application of the drug-soaked cotton to the eyelids had nothing whatever to do with the restoration of sight except that it served as a mild shock, something done which the sick person felt and knew was done to cure her. Faith restored this woman's sight, faith in her ability to get well and belief in the doctor who told her, in no uncertain terms, that she *would* get well.

III

Not all of the doctor's cases are as easy as this nor do all of them run as smoothly to successful completion. Perhaps, as in the case of Mr. Waite, the patient has been seen by many doctors, most of them competent and thoroughly reliable men. He may even have been given up by medical science, as the saying goes. Probably he has tried various cults and *isms* without avail.

Mr. Waite has been completely blind for about a year. His loss of vision came on gradually, as though a dense curtain of darkness had slowly closed in from all sides, until finally he could see only straight ahead of him. It was as though he were looking down the barrel of a gun. Then and rather suddenly, even this was gone; and since that time he has been unable even to tell night from day. He is a man of affluence, part owner of a large and prosperous business, of whose board of directors he was chairman. It is learned that up until his blindness came on he was not only very active but, owing to economic difficulties in which his company was involved, he had been working far too hard. It is also learned that he was to lose the chairmanship of the directors in his company at about the time of onset of his trouble.

Many doctors have seen him but none has been able to help him. From his description of treatment received, it is fairly certain that therapy by suggestion has been tried. He has been taken by his family and many friends to all sorts of faith healers, mystics, and the like. He is not a religious man, and any appeal to a divine providence has been half-hearted at best.

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On two occasions he has been told outright that his malady is on an hysterical basis and he frankly admits that he believes this to be true himself. He does not seem of a particularly emotional nature. On the contrary he is calm and rather placid in deportment.

In spite of the fact that, on repeated physical examination, he has been found normal in every respect except for his loss of vision, the whole long procedure must be repeated. No good doctor will accept the findings of a colleague, no matter how well he knows and respects him, without first ascertaining in his own mind that they are true. This is a necessary precaution imposed upon him by his patients. His is the full responsibility for the care of the case, and he cannot afford to fall into a trap laid by a mistake of his predecessor.

Again all phases of the examination are negative. The patient persists in his inability to distinguish even light from dark, and, yet, when a beam of light is thrown into the eyes, the pupil contracts sharply and in a normal manner. Somehow a light stimulus must be reaching the higher centers of the brain, but, once there, it is not recorded in the conscious mind as a visual sensation.

Mr. Waite is, to all outward respects, a reasonable and logical-minded individual. Why not treat him as such? The nature of his illness is explained to him in a frank, man-to-man fashion. He is blind not because of any disease process in his visual apparatus but because of a functional hysteria. He knows this, and there is no use trying to fool him. What he does not know, however, is the manner in which this mental aberration has affected his sight. In as logical and reasonable a manner as possible he is told how the impulse for vision, when initiated in a normal eye, is carried back along the visual pathway to the brain where it is interpreted in the conscious mind. If for any reason these visual impulses, even though normally started in a normal eye, fail to reach that part of the brain where they are consciously perceived, there is no sight possible. This, Mr. Waite is told, is what has happened to him. Some place in his brain a short circuit has occurred, much as occurs in an electrical system. It is clear that impulses are arising in his eyes, but they are being sidetracked. There is only one way in which this can be remedied. By some means, all mental and sensory impulses must be stopped for a period of time. The best way to do this is by deep ether anesthesia. Sleep alone is not sufficient, for during sleep a person dreams, moves about, and can feel. Once his mental processes have been completely stopped, however, it remains only to start them again, slowly and along the proper paths.

In none of this talk does the doctor himself believe. At best it is a clumsy explanation of a complicated and exceedingly vague state of affairs. There must be no inkling of this, however, as far as the patient is concerned. Not only must Mr. Waite himself believe in the rationality of this treatment, but he must be absolutely convinced of his doctor's knowledge

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of its success. In this there need be no dissembling. The doctor knows he can be successful, for he has been so before; and it is easy to convey this sense of security to the patient.

With evidence of considerable enthusiasm, Mr. Waite submits himself to the ether mask and quietly goes to sleep. Both eyes are firmly and heavily bandaged, and the patient is returned to his bed in his room, where he is allowed to wake gradually.

It is not until next day that the doctor visits him on the usual morning hospital rounds. The room has been made cheery and bright. There are one or two nurses present, to whom the doctor talks as his dressing tray is prepared. His manner is confident and assured but not boisterous. He tells Mr. Waite that the bandages will be removed and that he is to keep his eyes closed until told to open them. There is no exhortation to see; no plea to the emotions; only a calm assurance and a deft touch as the gauze and cotton are taken away from the patient's eyes.

Then, holding a watch before him, the doctor asks: "What time is it, Mr. Waite?"

"Eight-thirty, Doctor."

"Right!"

That is all. No surprise, no unusual manifestations of joy. After all, there has been no reason for surprise, only a firm belief in a form of treatment which the patient could feel and understand. Again faith has restored a human being to a normal life. Faith instituted by reason and belief in a logical idea.

It is not uncommon to see this type of blindness in children, particularly in young girls of ten or twelve years of age. These present extremely difficult problems in both diagnosis and treatment. With patience and careful medical examination, however, followed by treatment suited to the individual case, these children, too, can be and are cured by purely suggestive measures.

IV

WHAT HAPPENS to these people after their sight has been restored? Do they resume an entirely normal existence or are they always handicapped by the fear of recurring blindness? In many instances no further trouble is experienced, and the cure remains complete and permanent. Some have return of blindness in varying degrees but are nearly always more readily cured of the second attack. Finally there are those unfortunate few whose every reverse in life, no matter how trivial, is attended by, perhaps, a loss of power in one hand, by deafness, by a return of blindness, or even by complete paralysis. These human maladjustments to the world around them are known to exist in all walks of life, and were they helped by any means, medical, religious, or otherwise, it would be temporary at best.

It is a curious thing that in the majority of instances these functionally blind people are seldom very grateful for the restoration of their sight. In most cases their manner and attitude is matter-of-fact and blasé. It apparently means little to them that their whole way of life has been changed by what would undoubtedly be hailed as a miracle were it performed in a more spectacular manner.

The reason that these medical "faith" cures are so shrouded in darkness and so seldom extolled in the press lies in the deep-rooted aversion of the majority of the medical profession to all publicity. These cures are not considered unusual by the doctors, who see no particular reason why anyone else should be interested in them, and the press has learned to know, to its sorrow, how hard it is to get a story out of a doctor regarding any of his experiences. This attitude on the part of the profession is based on a strict and rigidly self-enforced code of ethics. For the most part this code has served its purpose well, and the profession may be proud of it. There are times, however, when its observance is carried to a ridiculous degree. In its avoidance of publicity which at times might be of the utmost value, the profession has not only hurt itself but inadvertently driven many persons into the arms of quacks and charlatans, who are by no means so bashful and who leave only bitter disappointment behind them.

It is hard for the layman to understand the existence of a malady such as hysterical blindness. The suspicion constantly intrudes that these unfortunate sufferers are hoaxing their friends and relatives, and the mere word *hysteria* is enough to stigmatize a man as a faker and a cheat. It is seldom that credence is given to the statement that most of the miraculous cures of the blind recorded in history were probably cures, by suggestion, of a psychic illness. These misapprehensions are wrong, and should not be allowed to exist.

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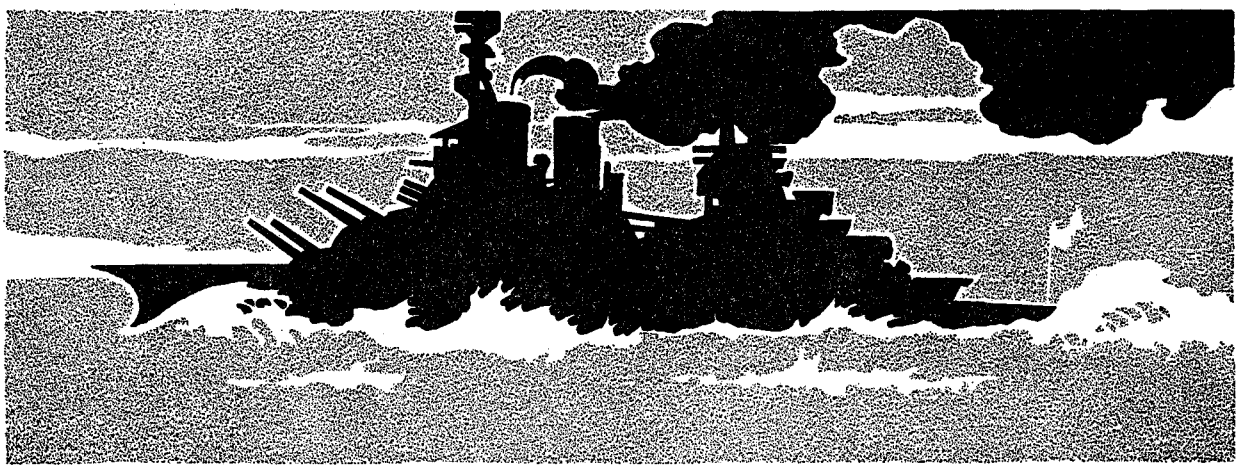
In Defense of Annapolis



by **JAMES R. BROWNE**

From TIME to time magazine articles appear revealing the dreadful fact that educational methods at the government academies of Annapolis and West Point compare unfavorably with those of our universities. The education is not broad enough, critics say; the system used in the classrooms is not inspiring; the routine is deadly; the discipline is too strict.

The most recent of this kind of article appeared in the October issue of THE FORUM, and was called "Annapolis — Stronghold of Mediocrity." It is by a James Oliver Brown,* who graduated from Annapolis in 1933. Mr. Brown speaks with all the authority of one who has gone through the Naval Academy but who has never served in the fleet. I have done both and I believe that the additional experience is apt to give one a slightly different point of view on the Naval Academy, its methods, and the purpose it serves.

But first let me say that perhaps there is no one better able than I to appreciate the difference between the education one receives at Annapolis and the kind one receives at universities. I am in the teaching profession. I have a master's degree from one university and am now working on a doctorate in romance languages at another. And I am not exaggerating when I say that everything I know about French and Spanish literature I have learned since I resigned from the navy.

But I do not blame the navy for the fact that when I entered civilian life I was, by certain academic standards, uneducated. No one invited me to enter the Naval Academy. But, once there, the assumption is that a candidate, in becoming a midshipman, has submitted himself to be trained as a naval officer. It is quite inconceivable that any midshipman, putting on a uniform for the first time, can be under the misapprehension that he is in a college.

This leads exactly to the point I want to make. Mr. Brown refers to Annapolis as this "supposedly educational" institution; and I protest that the term *educational institution*, with all the connotations of pedagogy involved therein, is not applicable to the Naval Academy. Annapolis is a place where young men are trained to become naval officers. It is dedicated to the task of furnishing the navy with officer personnel and to this only. The training is intensive because the positions to be filled are intensive. And the Navy Department has no more obligation to the universities than they have to it.

The navy is a pretty grim, serious business. It is questionable whether a man can be a naval officer and have room in his makeup for anything but the navy. Mr. Brown writes:

> The ignorance of Naval Academy graduates of most history and literature, of the fine arts, of philosophy, psychology, biology, geology, and of, indeed, most cultural subjects indicates the lack of education at this supposedly educational institution.

But let us remember that the Annapolis

* EDITOR'S NOTE:—*The fact that Mr. James Browne is answering Mr. James Brown has no significance beyond that of a curious coincidence.*

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graduate, if he continues with what he is being trained for, is going to be spending the rest of his life handling large, mobile matériel, a job which requires a sustained and nerve-wracking concentration.

Put a man in charge of 30,000 tons or so of iron floating on the surface of the ocean, carrying hundreds of human lives; put the ship in a formation, where the risk of collision is ever present and where the keenest sort of watchfulness is required from the man in charge; let him be watching the flagship for signals and the horizon for other ships, which may be crossing his course; and then consider whether he should be required to learn philosophy, psychology, or the fine arts. Put the man at a fire-control instrument — these are all routine jobs for him — with a ship hurtling through the water at twenty knots or more, with live ammunition standing on the upper decks and powder bags being handled in the turrets, and then ask yourself if you think he ought to know something about biology and geology.

It is no wonder the naval officer relaxes with the "inferior magazines and cheap novels" to which Mr. Brown refers. I for one can sympathize with his degraded literary taste. My occupation is literature. I am in it because I like it. But when I have had an extra long session with some of the masterpieces of the centuries I go out and buy a pulp magazine.

Heavy Responsibilities

Mr. Brown says that "in training to live the good life, to expand, and to grow, the Academy is not more than mediocre." I believe you would get a blank look if you offered such a program to a naval officer. A naval officer does not have time to "live the good life," to "expand," and to "grow." He doesn't even have time to think about these values, which so occupy the minds of the civilian world.

But the question is whether or not he is the product of a mediocre training. I do not think it is a mediocre training. If it is so, by certain intellectual standards, it is on the other hand a training designed to extract the highest efficiency from people who are entering an exacting profession. Do we require that our other professional men be "cultured"? When we want medical advice, do we ask our doctor to discuss the theater with us? We may think he is a good fellow if he does, but it is a long way from being essential. If we consult an engineer who seems to be a little ignorant about history and literature, do we imply, as Mr. Brown has about the midshipmen, that he is dead from the neck up? Will Mr. Brown himself be an inferior lawyer if he has not been to the van Gogh exhibit?

I should like also to ask why Mr. Brown failed to mention the post-graduate school at Annapolis. The last time I was in Annapolis, I found that 180 out of some 300 men remaining in my class were stationed at the post-graduate school. They were studying most of the day and night, learning how to be even better naval officers than they were before.

The naval profession requires, as I say, a tremendous amount of attention. It requires, in fact, complete subordination to incredible amounts of machinery and matériel. It requires a sacrifice of one's individuality which I myself was unwilling to make. But I do not for that reason consider that my classmates, who have remained in the service, did so because it was the line of least resistance. Morale in the navy is too high for that. There are too many who are conscious that they are serving their country and are glad to do it, although they know that the naval career takes the best years of their lives and leaves them a short period of sad retirement at the end.

Mr. Brown's article includes also a reference to the late Admiral Sims' plan of making the Naval Academy a graduate school, with a course of instruction lasting from a year to eighteen months. The benefit in such a plan is highly doubtful. A college graduate, no matter how intelligent he might be, could not acquire a mastery of the elements of the profession in a year to eighteen months. He could not possibly acquire the ease and confidence which is so important in dealing with ships, boats, guns, boilers, and turbines — the familiarity with these things which can come only from experience. Hence the drills which Mr. Brown found so irksome, which he called "playing soldier and sailor" for four years.

Any intelligent high-school graduate who has studied trigonometry can learn *how* to do navigation in a week. But to be able to take a ship over the trackless ocean, he will need a lot more *practice* than he can get in that time. Therefore the midshipman is given long hours of drill with the sextant; he is put on full-time

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navigation for a while on his first-class cruise; and when I was an ensign all officers through the rank of lieutenant had to do navigation every day we were at sea, just to keep in practice. It has been seven or eight years since I last took a sight. But give me a chronometer and a nautical almanac, a Bowditch and a sextant, and I can take a round of stars right now and plot in the position as though I had been doing it every day.

Again, it is not enough that the midshipman should know the *theory* of gunfire. The knowledge must be supplemented by long, tiresome drills at the guns. He must know thermodynamics but he must also know how to chip an evaporator.

Aside from the importance of these things to his own professional ability, the newly commissioned ensign when he goes out to the fleet, must be able to inspire the confidence of the men under his command. It is not difficult to picture what the attitude of a bluejacket would be toward a college man who had dusted off a commission in a year to eighteen months. But as it is now, a brand-new ensign, twenty years old, can be put in charge of a division on a ship, and his staunchest supporters will be his petty officers. Some of them may be twice his age and have three times his length of service. But they know he has been given a workout for four years that commands their respect and admiration. They know that he has earned the gold braid he is wearing.

You may ask why the midshipman cannot be trained in the fleet, as he was in the past. He could learn all these things as well at sea as at the Naval Academy, and it would be a big saving for the taxpayers. Certainly if he is going to be threatened with biology and geology, it might be a good idea to send him back to sea. But the reason for moving the midshipmen ashore originally was to have them all in one place, where they could be trained more uniformly and efficiently — in keeping with the rising standards of the growing navy.

Training for Emergency

It is the need for this same uniformity that makes the discipline strict. There can be no half measures about discipline. Mr. Brown thinks that only "slight emphasis upon the training in obedience to sensible orders" is enough to produce the efficient subordinate. Wherever a system of command and obedience exists, there can be no questioning whether an order is a sensible one. Too much may depend some time upon "instant and willing obedience."

Mr. Brown complains that a midshipman has only 40 or 60 minutes to take his girl home after a hop and get back to the Academy to sign in at his dormitory. I have done all this, and there was always a duty officer standing by at such times to see not only that we got back in time but that we had on regulation white-cotton gloves instead of white-silk gloves. This may seem silly to Mr. Brown, but it does not seem so to me. Where uniformity is required, there can be no half measures. Any latitude at all means that the germ of disorganization can enter and spread.

Mr. Brown further points out, as evidence of the crushing discipline, that a midshipman cannot have a picture on his table or a dictionary on his desk. (As a matter of fact, the table and the desk are the same article of furniture.) He refers disapprovingly to the system of extra duty (punishment periods), when the erring midshipman has to walk with a gun. All of these things have happened to me, as well as to several hundreds of my acquaintances, and I cannot feel that we were slow in growing up because of it. There was a need for the system; we knew what the system was; and if we broke a rule it was our own fault. I do not feel that we were worse off than the college man, who was learning "relatively" to be a "young man of the world."

Finally Mr. Brown cites as a case of overdiscipline the fact that a midshipman is punished if he fails to report infractions of the regulations in circumstances where he is responsible for upholding those regulations, even if the infractions are committed by classmates. He refers, in a specific case, to a midshipman who "never should have been called upon to tattle and should not have been punished for refusing to do so." Mr. Brown's interest in this point bespeaks a certain amount of youthfulness, I may say. There is no more pernicious myth in the life of the Naval Academy than this one — that it is sacrilege to report a classmate. Here indeed is the boy's preparatory school attitude, and if Mr. Brown wants to see more development in navy initiative he should challenge this juvenile sentiment along with the Academy authorities.

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In his references to hazing and "running," however, Mr. Brown is quite right. The physical hazing itself is not more obnoxious or purposeless than the memorizing of useless information or the answers to such questions as "Which side is up?" I am not willing to concede, however, that because such practices exist it means that in the senior class "few" men are "qualified by training or experience" to be entrusted with the responsibility of bringing up a plebe class. I do not regard every first-class midshipman as a model of military virtue and leadership but neither do I regard first classmen as generally unqualified in this respect. Mr. Brown, to fill out his picture, implies that the senior class is a collection of monsters of inefficiency and petulance, who inevitably vent their ill nature on the plebes. Sometimes they do. They also help them with their lessons and give them useful instruction about the navy.

The hazing problem is one for the executive department. It must be admitted that it has not done a very good job with it. Call it hazing or running or what you will, it is a senseless tradition, and it would be a great and useful work to rid the Academy of such nonsense. It is not worthy of the navy, and the plebes have enough to do, anyway, without extra measures to keep them in line.

Room for Reform

In the face of all the things that Mr. Brown finds wrong with the Academy, what can the commission of trained men, which he advocates to study reform, do? It can, first of all, consider the advisability of extending the course to include more of the humanities and social sciences. But let the commission consider whether we are justified in comparing Annapolis to a college. Let it consider whether the naval officer is to be the product of naval training or of something more like civilian education.

If the curriculum is to be extended, the period of study will also have to be extended; and at this point the question will arise whether it should be extended upward or downward. If the former, an officer would be more mature when he reached the fleet; if the latter, he would have the benefit of more experience by the time he reached the same age. It seems to the writer that the better plan would be to enter midshipmen at the Academy at an early age. Let them have a long preparation and come out still young at the beginning of their careers.

A plan which I have always hoped might one day be put into effect in the American navy is the English system of dividing the branches, deck and engineering, into two separate courses of study. When I was in the fleet I heard this idea discussed a number of times among older officers, and there was a good deal of opinion in its favor.

It is, however, a plan that does not suit the present policy of the American navy, which is that an officer shall be available for duty in either branch. This is a scheme better in theory than in practice, for most officers get started in one or the other and stay with it the rest of their careers anyway.

The social implications of the English system, the writer suspects, are one of the causes of its being opposed. In England, the deck division is on a higher social level than the engineering. But that that would obtain in America does not necessarily follow. One cannot conceive of such a class distinction being imported with the plan, if only because engineering in our national psychology is considered pretty important.

A plan along the lines of deck and engineering specialization seems to the writer to be what the Naval Academy needs. Granting that the profession has a narrowing effect, the pleasure of working in a selected branch, not only after graduation but from the time one enters the Academy, should lend a good deal of professional pride and interest and stimulate initiative from the start.

There is room for reform at the Academy. But reforms must be made with the clear view that they are for the benefit of the navy. Mr. Brown should think a little more deeply about the purpose of the Naval Academy when he compares it unfavorably to American colleges. Annapolis serves the navy alone, and the navy serves the United States.

International boundaries still exist, and navies still exist. America's navy is still important to her national life, and we ought to be glad if our naval officer's greatest interest is his job — instead of regretting that he does not read the book of the month, quote Karl Marx, or talk about the symphony.

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Life and Literature*

The Music of the Thing that Happens

by **MARY M. COLUM**

"THE GRANDEST of all musics," says an old Gaelic proverb, "is the music of the thing that happens." When the heroes were asked which of all the musics of nature they preferred, the music of the waterfall, the cry of the eagle, the belling of a stag, the baying of hounds — the list is too long to repeat — they would invariably answer, "Give me the music of the thing that happens." And this would be the choice not only of a hero but of most men. For it is a fact that the part of their lives people look back on with nostalgia is not the part in which they were most happy but that which was most filled with happenings. It is a curious fact of human nature that, whether such years were unhappy or not, people do not care, so long as they were eventful. This perhaps explains why we are always excited to read the biographies of people whose lives were attuned to the "music of the thing that happens."

We cannot imagine a life more full of happenings than that of Joan of Arc, a life which ended at an age of about nineteen or twenty, when most people's lives are at their beginning. Along with Victoria Sackville-West's truly thrilling *Saint Joan of Arc* should be read Willard Trask's *Joan of Arc: a Self-portrait*, in which the writer has brought together all the known speeches or conversations of Joan. This, too, is a marvelously moving book which gives the Maid's character better than any biography could render it — a biography of course has to reveal many other things besides character. In Willard Trask's book we get Joan as she expressed herself in salient situations in her life. Here in bare, high words we meet a directly spoken, courageous girl, ready-witted, of fine if untaught intellect and great humanness. Sometimes it is even heartbreaking humanness, as when she says:

> I would rather be beheaded seven times than suffer burning. . . . There was neither sorcery nor any other evil art in anything that I have done.

The high order of her intellect is shown in the very quality of her frankness — the frankness of one who knows what she is talking about, its value and its truth. And the way she rapidly weighed the questions put to her by her judges and made her thrusts back at them showed the keenness of her mind, uninstructed though it was. There is not a suggestion in anything of her recorded speech and actions to show that she felt the slightest sense of inferiority to any of the people she was thrown among, whether princes or cardinals or men at arms. She addressed them all with calm assurance.

This peasant girl was a military genius, Marshall Foch has declared, and he might be supposed to be a judge. As a military genius, it must be assumed that she could grasp rapidly, unconsciously, all that was known in that

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The recent books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article are:* Saint Joan of Arc, *by Victoria Sackville-West (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00);* Joan of Arc: a Self-portrait, *compiled by Willard Trask (Stackpole, $2.00 & $5.00);* The Descent of the Idol, *by Juroslav Durych (Dutton, $2.75);* History of the Russian Revolution, *by Leon Trotsky (Simon & Schuster, $2.98);* Honourable Estate, *by Vera Brittain (Macmillan, $2.00);* Phoenix, *by D. H. Lawrence (Viking, $3.75).*

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period about military tactics and the waging of war. She must have had, too, political genius or political insight, for she set very clearly before her the goal of her struggle. To get the English out of France and bring about French unity was, she knew, her job. Not one person in a hundred interested or even excited about Joan of Arc can tell offhand what the English were doing in France at the time or why the people of a portion of France (Burgundy) were their allies, and it is one of the virtues of Miss Sackville-West's book that she clarifies in a few pages a very involved historical situation, in which English, Burgundians, Armagnacs are all mixed up in the minds of most of us.

In short, Joan's brief life stands out before us in this book in an amazing clarity of outline. Few readers can be aware that almost everything in that life has been recorded — not only the events of her life but the tone of her voice, the clothes she wore (and these during her military career were various and gorgeous), her emotionalism, her ready tears, her own account of the voices she heard and her heavenly visitants. The mystery of these voices and visitants has been a difficulty to all except the explicitly religious biographers. But, aside from voices and visitants, genius of any kind is still a mystery to us, for our present knowledge of the powers of the mind is limited and vague.

The Trial of a Genius

It is well, perhaps, to note that, as a born military genius, everything inside Joan must have been urging her toward functioning in war. As a woman, in that age or in any age since, she would have been hampered for military leadership except by taking just the steps she took and making just the appeal she made; there was no other possible way by which she could ever attain the leadership of an army. So something might be said for her voices being merely the subjective urge of her genius driving her somehow to put her powers into operation. Miss Sackville-West discusses the mystery of Joan's voices in an eminently sensible way, accepting their supernatural origin. She writes:

> I share with my fellow mortals the ancient superstition which no scientific explanation can destroy but which no scientific explanation has yet been able to account for — the belief in the supernatural.

She believes that there is a supernatural unity, that certain persons are in touch with that supernatural unity, and that Joan of Arc was one of them. One of her most striking chapters is on that part of Joan's career when, after months of inactivity, her mysterious power began to fail her and she ended by being taken prisoner of war. Was there during this period some lack of communion between her and that supernatural unity? It seems as though there was: her power obviously weakened, and she did things that were out of her character; very strangely, too, she disobeyed the counsel of her voices.

It has been the fashion for some time for a certain type of intellectual, headed by Bernard Shaw, to say that Joan's judges, according to their lights, gave her a fair trial. They had to make a decision whether she was a saint or a witch — and in those days even the learned really believed in witchcraft. Her judges actually offered her a counsel, as today undefended prisoners are offered counsel. If it was hard for the judges to believe that this able-bodied girl, with her snappy answers, was a saint in communication with God, it is still harder for us to understand how they could conclude she was a witch. One supposes that a halfway conclusion must have been impossible to their minds, and so, as everybody knows, she was condemned as a witch and burned.

It is the most tragic story in the whole of history, but actually the blackness is not so much in the condemnation given by her judges as in the awful treachery of the Dauphin, for whom she warred, and her abandonment by her companions in arms. The Dauphin was one of those curious weaklings and cads whom women of genius seem destined to be mixed up with: a man in Joan's position would most likely have been ransomed, in those days when the ransoming of prisoners was a regular procedure.

This is the first life of Joan of Arc by a woman that I have read, and I cannot help the conviction that as a biography it will stand for a long time. The gifts that the author displays in it are eminently suited to the subject — the clear-cut style, the sympathetic intuition, the courage in tackling every problem, the disinterestedness and careful scholarship. Her absorption in her subject makes every page memorable, without her ever having recourse to any of those novelizing tricks familiar to readers of modern biographies. It is a very human Joan

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that emerges from these pages, with her tears, her fondness for clothes, her warm emotions — it would be hard to imagine a cold leader as a master of men for even a brief space. At the end, confronted with the awful sentence of burning, she shows a moving and pathetic dread of fire and a young girl's pride in her own body:

> Alas, am I so horribly and cruelly used that my clean body, never yet defiled, must this day be burned and turned to ashes!

This speech is from Willard Trask's vivid rendering of her words on different occasions. Not only the translation but the dramatic arrangement of her speeches make this self-portrait an appealing book.

A War of Ideas

Schiller's *Joan of Arc* was, before Bernard Shaw's, the best-known play on the subject. As a dramatic poet Schiller was supposed to be at his best in dealing with warlike subjects, and his trilogy about Wallenstein, part of which was translated into English by Coleridge, was the only piece of literature about the Thirty Years' War that was familiar to me until I encountered a new Czechoslovakian novel, *The Descent of the Idol* — the idol being Wallenstein.

The Thirty Years' War was a conflict which had some points of resemblance to the one begun in Europe today, a conflict between two opposed ideas: communism and fascism in our day, Catholicism and Protestantism in that period. Wallenstein was on the Catholic side, and the King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, on the Protestant side. Wallenstein was the victor in that long-drawn-out war which ruined central Europe. Later he attempted to separate Bohemia from the Holy Roman Empire and set himself up as king.

This, briefly, is the background of *The Descent of the Idol*, which has been compared by Thomas Mann to Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. However, it is a book of quite a different kind, being romantic and quasi-mystical and with a very definite attempt on the part of the author, Dr. Juroslav Durych, to evolve a modern technique for the historical novel. With the older historical novelists, Tolstoy amongst them, the heroes or heroines always dominate the scene, and their actions or passions are even able to give a twist to history. But the newest conception of history is of great movements that are impersonal, dragging personalities along with them. And the technique of *The Descent of the Idol* seems to be based on this conception.

The author accomplished a feat that will probably be appreciated by only those who have considered the possibility of an historical novel based on this modern conception. He does this partly by trying to reproduce in writing the effect of a painting or of a tapestry. Crowded and stirring scenes full of passion and life pass before us: monks and abbesses in conclave; an emperor with his generals on an historic battlefield; a scene in a cathedral; or a street in a town dominated by troopers. Each scene is so dramatically conceived, done with such a power of historical imagination that we become completely absorbed in it. The description of the room where Wallenstein is slain at midnight by the "dark Irishman," Butler — the servants, soldiers, cooks moving about in a guttering light — remains in our minds as though we had seen it as a picture by a great painter.

But when we have finished, we are confused about what has actually happened. It may be that the Thirty Years' War was a very confused war, anyway — it is bewildering to find Spaniards, Swedes, Saxons, Scots, Croats, Turks, Bavarians, Hungarians, and Irish carrying on a war "somewhere in Bohemia." They seem to know as little about what they are fighting for as soldiers do in modern war. It may be that the author has not yet mastered the technique he envisages for such a book; a dominant human story is possibly, after all, a necessity in an historical novel. There is, to be sure, a quasi-mystical love story which peeps in and out of the conflict from time to time, but the two characters, George and Angela, as well as all the other humans are so buffeted about by the historical events that they resemble mice trampled by a herd of elephants, from under whose feet one little mouse may manage to escape, scuttling off, maybe, with only the loss of a tail. Durych's power of imagination and of picture making is so potent that we think readers who tackle this book will find themselves rewarded, but it might be advisable for them to take it in installments like a serial story.

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The Revolutionary as Historian

The conception of history that Durych tried to mold his novel on is, of course, that of Leon Trotsky also. A new edition of his three-volumed *History of the Russian Revolution* has just been published in a single volume. As an historian, Trotsky does not believe in the power of personalities to make history but regards the movement of events as a progress through contradictions with the urge of one class to dominate, the government always being a function of whatever this ruling class is. Whether one agrees with this conception of history or not, it is a thesis that gives eagerness, sharpness of style, and definite outline to what Trotsky has to say.

The author himself is that rare combination, a man who not only describes historical events but who himself has been the maker of them, a combination that was Julius Caesar's and Xenophon's. It is indeed a great pity that he has not the brevity of these two, and if this book of his had come into the world written in about half the number of words I believe the impact would have been tremendous. For Trotsky is an historian of remarkable ability and a writer of great dramatic power. He has one fault which he showed to an extreme degree in his *Literature and Revolution:* he is at times provincial and petty-minded. It may be that the sensitivity of his mind — an artist's mind, be it said — makes him as responsive to small events and small intrigues as to those of real significance. Sometimes the personalities and the intrigues on which he turns the whole battery of his brilliant mind do not seem to us to matter any more to history than the goings-on say, of the New Canaan Democratic or Republican Committees. In the same way, in *Literature and Revolution*, he investigated with intensive interest a collection of minor writers who might have represented the local talent of the Bronx. He often manages to make the minor figures far more interesting and picturesque than the really great ones: there is no doubt of his admiration for Lenin, and yet the figure he presents of him is that of a busy, prosaic, and uninspiring man. On the other hand, when his malice is aroused, he can make memorable portraits, like those of Zinoviev, who was recently executed for being a Trotskyite, and Kerensky. It may turn out that to our descendants Trotsky will appear as the greatest historian of our epoch and it may be a fine thing for his importance in history and his reputation that he was banished from executive posts at an age when he was still able to make vigorous use of his talents as an historian.

Unimportant Earnestness

All through these books we have considered goes the insistent and sometimes the tumultuous music of the thing that happens; all of them were conceived on a high plane and by people capable of evaluating events as distinct from themselves. This is a far rarer power than is generally assumed. As there are painters who paint Portrait of a Landscape and painters who paint What the Landscape Does to Me, so there are writers about war who regard it as a transcendent event and others who are mainly concerned with what it has done to them. This bias is evident in the women writers who served as nurses or aids of some sort in the last war, and for me, at any rate, it makes such a book as Vera Brittain's *Honourable Estate* irritating.

Some of the women as well as some of the men who went to war were rare and chosen beings who gave up their youth to what they believed to be a high cause. But we who lived through the war years remember very well that for a great many of the fighters, the nurses, the V.A.D.'s, and the ambulance drivers it represented the only real excitement they ever got out of life. Not all of them went forth to battle to make the world safe for democracy or to wage war to end war or to save civilization: they went in for the thrill of the thing; for war can be a high delight. If many of those who went for the thrill were disappointed and would never go into another war, there still remain some who had a very good time, and there are others who would not have been without the experience and who look back with pleasure on a part of their lives so full of happenings.

If Miss Brittain could only have written of some of the doings of her heroine with irony or of some of her flights of thought with satire, she would have written a far better novel. Her book is spoiled by the sentimentalism and unreality of the author and the sentimentalism and unreality of her chief character. Ruth, the

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heroine, has the unthinking self-centeredness of a plant: she is self-centered in her self-sacrifice, in her service of others, in her ambitions. I do not say that Ruth is not a character to be met with in life — she certainly is. But what makes her unreal is the author's incapacity to see through her, to see round her, or understand her at all. Miss Brittain can be said to know Ruth without understanding her; she even knows her well, as people sometimes know themselves without understanding themselves.

The heroine serves in the War, where she meets and loves a gallant, chivalrous, chaste American soldier, the kind we all read about during the War. Like the lady in *Comus*, he passes through all the wickedness surrounding him — the official brothels and the like — with virtue intact, until he meets and falls in love with Ruth, whose philosophy and that of her fellow nurses is expressed by Nurse Shepherd: "Why shouldn't Ronnie 'ave 'is bit of love before going into the line?" The American soldier is killed in battle and so is saved from having to decide whether he will marry his fiancée or Ruth, who has given him 'is bit of love.

Later she serves in the army of occupation in Germany, as well as in Russia during a famine. In Russia she meets Denis, a member of one of those committees of investigation that appear to be always going to Russia. Denis had a mother, Janet, a worker in the early suffrage movement, who had been an elder prototype of Ruth. About his mother, Denis explains to Ruth, "All our misery at home, hers and my father's and mine, had come about because her intellect never had sufficient outlet." Accordingly he is determined that when Ruth is his wife she will have the proper outlets. He tells her:

> I do think that your real burden is an intellectual one and not the mere dead weight of endurance. . . . Couldn't you bring yourself to take up the burden of thought again?

Ruth then gives up ministering to the injured and the distressed and takes up the "burden of thought," going in for politics and winding up as a Socialist Member of Parliament. In lieu of conversation, she and Denis address each other in long, artificial, humorless speeches on the topics of the day, all of an excruciating unreality. It is not the fanciful unreality of people dealing with fantastic things but the queer unreality of people who can never get outside of themselves enough to understand any part of life and who are therefore incapable of giving real expression to any experience, in terms of either symbol, fantasy, or realism.

I am giving, maybe, an undue amount of space to this book (considering that the conception and working out of it are mediocre) because the Janet and Ruth types of women, though not too common in life, are yet common enough to present a sort of problem. The fact that the author has the greatest sympathy with her heroine, with her careerism, with her nonsensical speechmaking, with her appalling meddling in movements of which she has no comprehension, makes the problem all the more distasteful. As the world now stands, too many women and too many men are educated out of accord with their intellectual means; there are women to be met with every day who think they are lost as wives and mothers and could set the Hudson or the Thames on fire if only they had careers. It is hard to convince such persons that only a very few people, either men or women, have enough talent to have what is called a career — that is, being a secretary of labor like Frances Perkins, a novelist like Willa Cather, or an actress like Garbo. Everybody, of course, has more intellectual, emotional, or imaginative faculties then he can ever find outlets for. That is part of the incompleteness of human destiny that we all have to accept. There are lots of people who have driving energy but no particular talents. In the case of men most of this driving energy is drawn off in earning a living, but with women, often, there is no such release; and so careers rather than homekeeping or wage-earning jobs become their objective. If the author of *Honourable Estate* could only have written of her careerist with detachment and irony, as Sinclair Lewis wrote of Carol Kennicott, she might have given us, if not a good novel, at least an entertaining social sermon.

Poet and Prophet

Perhaps a sentence or two from D. H. Lawrence's study of Thomas Hardy, given in his posthumous book, *Phoenix*, will throw a light on the reason why Miss Brittain's Ruth is so exasperating. Interpreting *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, he notes that the peasant girl, Tess, belongs to the aristocratic type.

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> Developed through generations to the belief in her own self-establishment . . . she could give but she could not receive. . . . It is the aristocrat alone who has any real or vital sense of the "neighbor," of the other person, who has the habit of submerging himself, putting himself entirely away before the other person, because he expects to receive nothing from the other person.

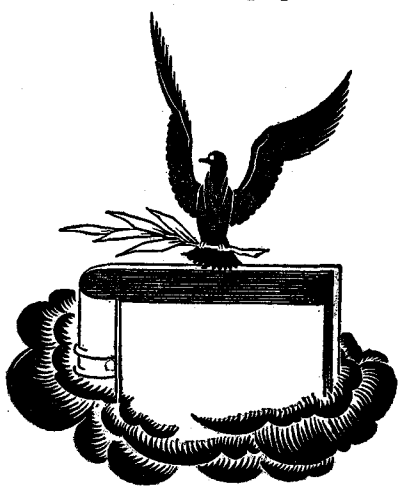
This is equally true of Joan of Arc, and it is in this character that Miss Sackville-West reveals her. And that is why for both of them there can be no reconciliation with the meanness of the people and events that surround them. D. H. Lawrence's illuminations, as in the passage quoted, came to him in flashes. He could often write the stuff that one finds in popular journals signed by one of the uplift columnists, such as this:

> Are books just toys? The toys of consciousness?
> Then what is man? The everlasting brainy child?
> Is man nothing but a brainy child, amusing himself
> for ever with the printed toys called books?
> But there is more to it.
> Man is the thought-adventurer.
> Man is a great venture in consciousness.
> All right, let us pitch camp and see what happens.
> When the worst comes to the worst, there is sure to be a Moses to set up a serpent of brass. And then we can start off again.

His critical faculty when used upon himself was very slight, and his mind had not received the hard discipline necessary to a man of his intellectual abundance. In the world of expression, the easiest role to assume is the role of prophet: to be a real prophet, of course, is to be capable of giving the highest sort of utterance. But anyone can set up in the prophet business: Aimee Semple MacPherson and Bernarr MacFadden have done so with considerable success. The world is always looking for prophets; if it doesn't get one of worth it will be satisfied with someone spurious. D. H. Lawrence set up as a prophet, and he sometimes achieved genuine prophetic utterance. He was a novelist and storyteller, sometimes, as in *The Escaped Cock*, on an inspired plane; sometimes on a commonplace plane, as in *Kangaroo*. But he always had a curious energy and between this palpable energy and his prophet tone he always had a following, and the attitude of a man addressing disciples is in this volume of collected papers.

Undoubtedly a group of his readers was attracted by a combination of frankness and mysticism in his writing about sex. He took up the cause of the body as against the mind or, rather, as against the endless mental refinements that civilization had imposed on educated people. It is true that this gave him an audience that was sometimes indistinguishable from that of Bernarr MacFadden, and his rhapsodies about the Male Principle and the Female Principle are partly responsible for the vast quantity of books that has been written about him. The most carefully considered of these books seems to me to be one written by that French critic, Ernest Seillière, whose work has sometimes had mention in these pages: he has not only considered Lawrence as a man and as a writer but he has been able to extract what is worth while in the books written about Lawrence.

Phoenix is a very miscellaneous and very unequal book, one not to be read continuously but dipped into from time to time; and, taken this way, there is in almost every section of it something rewarding. It is, of course, unequal not merely in the writing but unequal in the spirit: often Lawrence shows a rancorous, exasperated character that seems to have been easily enough aroused in him; but more often he has that large-minded, charitable tolerance that we cannot help believing is part of the equipment of every sincere artist.



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Pillars of Government

Millard E. Tydings

by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"If I can't vote my sentiments here, to hell with this job."

Thus spoke, on the floor of the august Senate of the United States, Millard E. Tydings, senior senator from the Free State of Maryland. The occasion was his demanding on the 26th of January, 1933, a cut of $500,000,000 in President Hoover's budget, in order to hold all appropriations within the estimated receipts for the next fiscal year. Getting little or no support, he charged his senatorial colleagues with "cowardice," with "political fear," because they would not cut the compensation for veterans. His rage and truth telling did not prevent his having to accept a compromise, but there is no doubt that he gave the Senate a very uncomfortable half-hour.

It is because of frank speaking like this that the friendly *Baltimore Sun* has declared:

> There are many reasons for admiring Senator Tydings. He has shown courage where courage was needed. He has shown independence of spirit and has steadfastly refused to be regimented when regimentation was the order of the day. He has applied himself conscientiously to the study of the nation's problems and has used his best efforts to bring them to solution.

Even before this it had declared that no one could call the Senator a "pussyfooter on any real issue." Henry Mencken even wrote in the *Baltimore Evening Sun* that the Senator is "one of the most intelligent men that Maryland has ever sent to Washington, and his career has been marked by independence and courage." Obviously that raises the question just how much intelligence the noble Free State, to which both these gentlemen belong, has been in the habit of sending to Congress. Until that question is answered it is obvious that the worth of Mencken's compliment cannot be measured. It is, moreover, an outstanding fact about Senator Tydings that, although he receives such high praise at home, he is anathema to liberals and believers in American liberty and the Bill of Rights all over the United States.

The reason for this is that he gave his name to a particularly infamous bit of proposed War Department legislation known as the Tydings-McCormack bill. Now this he believes — and others with him — to be grossly unfair. He swears that he has never been in favor of any legislation to restrict freedom of speech, but the War Department sent him this bill, drawn by it and by the navy, to prevent the subornation of the armed forces of the United States by wicked communists, male and female; and, bowing low with great deference to the Department, which had just bestowed upon him a Distinguished Service Medal for gallantry in France, he said: "Of course, with all the pleasure in the world." Why not? It has long been customary to put army and navy bills into the legislative hopper at the request of the Department, so why not this? The answer was a tremendous wave of indignation. For it soon appeared that his bill had infinite possibilities of harm in it; that it muzzled the press; that under it anybody criticizing the army and navy as being too big or improperly commanded or tending to fascism in character would run the chance of being clapped into jail in these piping times of peace, if the bureaucrats of the two fighting services so desired. Henry Mencken, who could not conceal his anger that his senator had lent himself to such a measure, declared:

> [The bill] is not only idiotic but also, as it has been amended by the House Committee on Military Affairs, palpably dishonest. The theory behind it is that the enlisted personnel of the army and navy is made up of half-wits to whom any intellectual agitation is dangerous.

Hence it demanded "intellectual isolation."

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Senator Tydings not only did not realize this but actually denied the patent facts. A minority of the House Military Affairs Committee called the bill a "brash piece of Hitlerite fascism." Tydings declared that "the bill in my opinion in no way attempts to exercise censorship or to restrict freedom of the press." He ever averred that "no newspaper worthy of the name would be harmed by the bill" — which meant that, precisely as during the World War, the government would prosecute the weak and defenseless newspapers and leave the big fellows alone. The Senator even went so far as to echo that stupid and untruthful banality that "free speech and anti-American license have nothing in common." But things got very hot for him, and, when he was denounced by a mass meeting in Baltimore and by labor organizations and by liberal newspapers all over the country, he found that, like Davy Crockett's 'coon, he was willing to climb down. The opportunity came when Secretary Dern gave an interview to a Washington newspaper to the effect that he and his department were no longer particularly interested in the bill. Well, said the Senator, if the War Department isn't particularly interested in the bill I certainly am not; and he withdrew his name from it. Even then he did not escape fire. The *Baltimore Evening Sun* declared that his excuse for withdrawing was a "shallow, even fatuous, reason." The editors felt that he should have had the courage to admit in a manly way that he had erred and then apologize.

Righting the Wrongs of Imperialism

This is not the only case in which Mr. Tydings has got into hot water by giving his name to a government-sponsored bill. A proposed law for a Puerto Rico referendum which was drafted by the Administration and sent to him with White House approval, according to which the Island might vote whether she should become an independent state or remain under the American flag, also bears his name, for he is chairman of the Senate committee on our territorial and insular possessions. He was quite ready to serve the Administration thus, since he believes that "the more we do for Puerto Rico, the worse conditions become." The bill was well meant and drawn in all sincerity, in keeping with our best traditions and ideals. But it now appears that it was sprung too precipitately in the effort to get action by the last session of Congress. The Governor of Puerto Rico, General Winship, declares that he was not consulted about it, and the suddenness of its appearance intensified the political passions in the Island instead of soothing them. Hence the Senator's name is again identified with something extremely unpopular.

On the other hand, his relationship to the Tydings-McDuffie law for the independence of the Philippines reflects only credit on him. He knew and admitted on the floor of the Senate that the bulk of the Filipinos preferred independence and economic disaster to further American tutelage. He found the bill opposed by various groups, to some of whom the fact that every president since and including McKinley had pledged the honor and word of this country to the freedom of the Philippines meant nothing.

It is true that, when Senator Tydings went to Manila to address the Philippine constitutional convention and take part in the formal liberation of the Islands, he delivered a speech which was distinctly condescending and in large part a lame defense of our economic cruelty in casting the Islands adrift without a proper trade relationship. The immediate imposition of an export tariff in the Philippines was, he said, a wise and proper measure to prepare Philippine merchants for the crippling import taxes which are to be placed upon them in the United States as soon as the Islands are cast loose! He was guilty at one point of a sad perversion of history. He was only seven years old when we conquered the Philippines. Perhaps that is the excuse for his smug and complacent saying to the convention:

> Humanity and progress have marked our past relationship. . . . I doubt if what has been done in the Philippines has been matched before by any country in all the pages of the world's history.

Shades of the thousands upon thousands of Filipinos killed by American bullets for the sole crime of defending their own homes and soil against invaders whom they had never wronged in any way whatsoever! *Humanity* in those reconstruction camps, under the American flag, into which were crowded men, women, and children ruthlessly torn from their homes? Somebody should tell this boyish Senator about the 80 or more officers and men of the United States Army convicted of administering the

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water-cure torture; of the hundreds of native villages burned and ravished. I should like to show him a picture I have of American soldiers standing over dead Moro men and women, with an infant near its mother's bare breast. Nothing that the United States has done since for the advancement of the Islands has been more than proper repentance for as brutal and bloody a conquest as is to be found in the annals of overseas imperialism. Still, I repeat, it is to Senator Tydings' lasting honor that his name is associated with this final act of justice to the Philippines.

A Halfway Man

In carefully studying the record of this pillar of government I also have come to the conclusion that he is capable of great independence and courage, yet I cannot help wondering if some of his independence and the many contradictions in his record are not due, among other things, to a failure to understand what it is all about and, despite his sincere endeavor to do so, his failure to think his way through some of the problems which confront us. There are, of course, few public men who are not at times grossly inconsistent. Perhaps that is inevitable. But what strikes me about Senator Tydings is his frequent inability to carry policies to their logical conclusions.

For instance, he has repeatedly attacked high tariffs. He has over and over stated the fundamental truth that no nation can keep on selling unless it buys. He made a great fight to prevent a higher protective tariff being instituted in the form of a tax on oil imports. He has bitterly bewailed the 80-per-cent drop in our exports, laying it all to the tariff. In his speech on April 2, 1935, he declared that the policy pursued by this government from 1919 to 1929 "wrecked the world":

> We demanded promises to pay which could not be fulfilled under our economic setup. We raised tariff barriers which were followed by all the other nations of the earth. We have the whole world locked up in watertight compartments, with the concomitant phenomena: militarism, dictatorships, depreciated currencies, embargo tariffs. Shall we go further along that road or shall we be the strong nation that we are, the leader in a movement back to sound principles, to sound economics, and to peace and good will among nations?

This is excellent and the whole truth. But how does he answer his last question? Why, by declaring that the United States cannot lift a finger by herself to put an end to the tariff folly which he declares is wrecking us. We must wait until that indefinite time when we can bring about joint international action of all the leading nations for tariff reduction. There is not the slightest sign of this. After the failure of the London conference nobody wishes to risk calling another. Will another come to pass before the world is completely ruined by nationalism, tariffs, and militarism? It hardly seems so. All for lack of one brave nation to set the example!

So with disarmament. The Senator sees very clearly what armaments are doing to the world. He knows that we supplied to Europe the funds, in our loaning years after the War, with which to buy munitions and build warships. He is fearful lest the world collapse in another war, yet he votes for every bill enlarging the army and navy of the United States, although he knows that we are entering into a naval armament race with Japan and Great Britain, although he has repeatedly said that he is against armaments because armaments are built up "with national wealth, instead of directing it into channels of trade where it would create wealth and furnish employment." We must continue to impoverish ourselves because the other nations are doing it! This folly must also continue until there is a world conference to declare the five-year holiday in land and sea armaments he wishes. But I must add that he has urged the President not once but several times to call such a conference immediately.

Again, the Senator declares that he is not opposed to freedom of speech and thought, and yet, besides the sedition bill, he is credited with instigating a probe of Howard University, a colored institution in Washington, D. C., undertaken by Louis Glavis, the star detective of the Department of the Interior, to find out how much communism there is among teachers and instructors in that university.

New Dealer or Not?

When it comes to the New Deal, the Senator has emphatically been on both sides of the fence. That is, he has attacked it, denounced it on the floor of the Senate, and disagreed with it at most points. But, when he had to decide whether he would support President Roosevelt for re-election, he plumped for the New Deal.

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At a party dinner on March 5, last, he declared that he did not retract his criticisms of the New Deal but that the three years of Franklin D. Roosevelt had been "so much better for the American people than the results of the preceding twelve years of Republican administration" that he unhesitatingly stood by the President. Even then he urged a balancing of the budget, the divorcement of the Federal government from local problems and their return to the States, and a widening rather than a restriction of the basis of trade.

Still he refused to serve on the platform committee at Philadelphia and, as the *Baltimore Sun* put it, although at the convention, "successfully avoided being linked with the platform." But he could not resist "pressure of the strongest sort" brought upon him to second the President's nomination, which he did in an extremely brief, 169-word speech.

So bitter were his attacks upon the New Deal that in 1935 the Maryland Federation of Labor asked for his resignation. He called the $4,480,000,000 relief bill a measure to "put the Democratic Party out of power." It was the prolonging of "the very philosophy that brought on the depression." He repeatedly attacked the government's borrowing policy, once before a meeting of the National Economy League. One of his speeches has been widely circulated by the American Liberty League. In this he indicts his party for trying to run the government on "hot air" and "money pulled down from the heavens, which the taxpayers will have to pay back."

As for the billions being spent by the President he wished re-elected, they seemed in April, 1935, to be "nothing short of blood money eventually to be wrung out of the backs of working men and women." So he pleaded for a return to orthodox recovery methods. Speaking at the University of Pennsylvania, October 25, 1935, he said that, the New Deal to the contrary notwithstanding, "all the panaceas in the world will never bring us prosperity; we have to work ourselves into it." He has been all for stabilizing world currency and assailed the United States' devaluation of her currency, saying quite correctly that it made the London economic conference needless, an opinion which Franklin Roosevelt confirmed when he administered the *coup de grâce* to the economic conference he had himself called into being. Indeed, to the Senator, the Four Horsemen of the Depression have been Captain Tariff and Embargo, Captain Depreciated Currency, Captain War Debts, and Captain World Armaments — a contention that he elaborated in a book of 150 pages entitled *Counter Attack*.

On one occasion he declared in the Senate that he had voted "for all the unpopular measures of the Administration and for practically none of its popular ones" and he then proceeded to attack once more the sincerity of his fellow Senators:

> A billion dollars is treated just the same as if it were a hundred thousand and as if we could spend and borrow our way out of the depression. There is not a man who believes in his heart that we can do that. There are dozens of Senators who echo, "I agree with you," in their heart of hearts. Perhaps their party loyalty is a little stronger than mine. I am not quarreling with them, only doing that which I think is necessary to be done on this occasion.

Here is courage again and a fine fighting spirit. Indeed he *is* a good fighter. Gerald W. Johnson has written of him that he is a tactician and not a strategist, but that, "when it comes to close hot work, to infighting work that depends on jab and smash and swing, Millard is right there." He had a dandy mixup with another hard fighter, Secretary Ickes, in the Virgin Islands controversy, that got so dangerous and vicious that the President himself had to interfere. More than that, he can alternate his hard fighting with amusing sarcasm and genuine humor. Thus the *New York Times* reported in August, 1935:

> In the opinion of many of his colleagues, Senator Tydings of Maryland attained the topmost heights of Congressional humor Friday night during his successful filibuster against the work-relief bill.

Against it, by the way, he made three speeches in eight days to embody what he called his "common-sense criticism."

Lighter Moments

ONCE WHEN speaking of the vicissitudes of a politician's life, in referring to the matter of recommendations made to him on behalf of candidates for office, he said:

> I have been moved at times between amusement, pity, and disgust. One leader endorsed thirteen men for the same job. Only one could be named for the position. Yet the other twelve believed that they would have got it if I had followed that leader's recommendation.

There is a considerable group of men in

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Baltimore, politicians and newspapermen, who will never forget the thrill that Senator Tydings gave them one night when, at a private and never reported dinner, he let himself go on the duties and problems and tribulations of a Senator. His humor, his insight, his incisive presentation of those problems were a revelation to all who heard him.

Yet Senator Tydings does play the political game of office broking according to the prevailing rules; practically everybody does. He is not, however, seeking to become the boss of his State nor is he fitted for any such undertaking. He is not the stuff of which hard-boiled State bosses are created — which is again to his credit.

But when it comes to standing up for his beloved Free State and its interests, why the Senator is surely a good man. Nothing makes him see red so quickly as any attempt to injure or discriminate against Baltimore or Maryland or their joint trade. So sensitive is he to Maryland conditions that he even laid himself open to another charge of insincerity by seeking to have the Wagner labor bill amended so as to prevent the abolition of the company union which was being maintained by the Maryland Steel Company.

Portrait by Karl S. Woerner

Senator Tydings

He has also rushed to the rescue of the embattled crab à la Maryland. The bill which he drafted to preserve that valuable edible was quite at variance, however, with his usual determination to safeguard States' rights against any further aggrandizement by the federal government, for it empowered the Department of Commerce in Washington to enforce the law which was to prescribe the "manner and condition under which, and the means by which, the blue crab shall not be taken or destroyed." The bill also made it "unlawful to take or destroy any hard crab, sponge crab, buckram crab, peeler or soft crab within the protection of this law during the closed season." Can anyone doubt that the crab-fisherman vote is solidly behind the Senator?

Seriously speaking, the finest side of Senator Tydings's record in Washington seems to me his readiness to champion the Jews and the other victims of foreign dictatorships and to

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denounce especially the monstrously unjust and inhuman treatment of the German Jew. And I am not willing to have it said that he has done this in order to win the Jewish vote in Baltimore for I believe that he has acted solely in these cases in response to his humanitarian instincts.

On January 8, 1934, he offered a resolution in the Senate asking President Roosevelt to communicate to Adolf Hitler an unequivocal statement of the "profound feelings of surprise and pain" of the American people at the Jewish persecutions in Germany. The resolution was not passed, but Mr. Roosevelt might well have acted along this line without awaiting any such senatorial instruction, for such an action would have been supported by precedents in plenty, especially the admirable speech made by Theodore Roosevelt in the White House denouncing the then government of the Russian Empire because of the fearful massacre of the Jews at Kishinev.

On the 24th of January, 1934, Mr. Tydings introduced another resolution directly addressed to the Reich, asking that persecution of the Jews cease. More than that, he went out of his way to take part in the anti-Hitler mock-trial mass meeting in Madison Square Garden in New York City that same year. After the trial was over it was Senator Tydings who read the verdict of the jury to that tremendous mass meeting, a verdict which was, of course, cabled to Hitler himself. There is no doubt that he is stirred by what is happening abroad and that he is well aware of the potential menace to the United States and her institutions if the march of dictatorships abroad continues unchecked.

The Senator at Home

We did not hear much of the Senator in the last campaign and not merely because of his dissatisfaction with so much of the New Deal and its administration. He has recently taken unto himself a lovely wife, after having appeared to be an immovable bachelor. He is enjoying a magnificent house, in his home town of Havre de Grace, which he bought at a great bargain, and he is also busily engaged in various real-estate enterprises near that town on the shores of the Chesapeake.

He is a Marylander to his finger tips. His father was a marine engineer and for years superintendent of the water transportation of the Aberdeen (Maryland) army proving grounds. The son was educated at the Maryland Agricultural College and the University of Maryland law school, and his first job was in the engineering department of that specifically Maryland enterprise, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. In 1913 he was admitted to the bar; two years later he was elected to the Maryland House of Delegates, to which he was re-elected after his return from military service, becoming Speaker of the House in 1920, at the age of 30. He was promoted to State Senator the next year and to Congress in 1922, taking his seat the following March. In a sense he is an accidental United States Senator. He was chosen for the nomination in 1926 by the boss of Baltimore as a compromise candidate, after the man the other leaders especially wanted had encountered an implacable hostility that made him a poor candidate.

Senator Tydings is very proud of his military record and has a right to be. Let him tell it in his own words:

> I am an ex-soldier myself. I served on the battlefields of France, rose through the ranks from an enlisted man to the high position of lieutenant colonel. I was a machine gunner and had the honor to command about 2,200 men and 144 machine guns in actual combat. The Government of the United States has done me the honor to pin two of its highest awards upon my breast. Many of the men at my command were killed and wounded in that terrific holocaust which plunged the world in misery. I am not unmindful of their sacrifice. I shall never forget the war friendships, the comradeship of the officers and men with whom I served, many of whom went forward to death.

He added that he said this not for the sake of being emotional but to explain that he could see the soldiers' point of view in the bonus controversy as well as the government's and the public's. While he was for the bonus, he took an intelligent and enlightened stand upon it and, as I have shown, he has been at times quite ready to invite the hostility of the veterans. If he does not give the impression of a strong personality when one meets him, there is no doubt about his popularity, so that he seems secure in his seat for a long time to come. If he continues to grow and if he further reveals the finer side of himself, of which the Baltimore dinner gave such a glimpse, he may yet turn out in truth to be a very valuable pillar of our democratic government.

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The Middle West Takes Up the Torch

The Land of Pioneers Fosters a Native Culture

by **A. WASHINGTON PEZET**

Were a visiting foreigner to ask me, "Where shall I go in your great country to find a region where the soil is germinating with a creative urge in art, where an American art may presently be born, where the necessary public receptivity exists to make the birth of such an art possible?" I should reply, paraphrasing Horace Greeley, "Go west, my friend — but stop somewhat short of Hollywood. Go to Indiana, to Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Utah, and there you will find precisely those suitable conditions which must in time give rise to a native American art."

Looking over the continental United States, one immediately eliminates certain corners as being possessed of a particular psychology that inhibits the growth of indigenous cultures. These are the vacation lands, regions whose chief industry is catering to the visitor and tourist. A spirit of here-today – gone-tomorrow sums up the mental attitudes of these communities. It affects not only those who derive direct profit from the tourist, but every plane of the community — even the children. Of the basic thinking and living, of the solid building up of social patterns that alone can give root to cultural growth, there is far less than in other regions unblessed by the easy money of the tourist. A veil of impermanence hangs over the thinking and living of all classes. They lean upon the bulwark of past achievements, worshiping their dead gods, which they offer to the tourist for his awe and admiration. They point with pride to the scenic wonders with which nature has endowed their habitat. The climate becomes not the expression of primitive forces to be conquered but a source of advertising copy. They deal in organized excitements rather than in those homely, substantial factors out of which an evolving social organism is created. They live in a state of nervous fluidity as little adapted to the growth of culture as a flowing river is to plant life.

The Dead Hand of the Past

Returning to the map we locate the vacationland corners of our country. There are three of them: in the northeast, the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island and a large part of Massachusetts; in the southeast, there is Florida; in the southwest, California, except for its northern third.

While all these vacation lands have certain characteristics in common which have been briefly described, each is possessed of its own special vacation complex. In New England, for instance, ancestor worship is not only a religion and an art but also a profitable business. Everywhere we find monuments to the illustrious dead — monuments to men and women who were born more than a century ago and most of whom have been dead for at least 50 years. More recent heroes remain unsung. As for the living great who should become the inspiration of posterity, they are practically unknown to their fellow citizens, outside of their special fields of activity and apart from that inconspicuous minority of cultured aristocrats who make a fetish of being *au courant* in such matters. For the masses they are simply nonexistent.

The average citizen of Massachusetts, like a cat before the dying embers in a grate, basks contentedly in the fading glory of Emerson, Thoreau, and Longfellow. He is as oblivious of the struggles and achievements of living creators as the cat is of the howls of the newborn

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babe in the room behind her. Most of the citizens of the Bay State are simply too busy selling established and time-hallowed glory to eager seekers after the shrines of culture to bother their heads about the possible value of living purveyors of culture who have not received the accolade of time. They follow the sound business policy of selling the bird in hand, leaving to others the capture of those in the bush.

In Maine they are just beginning to point with pride to Prout's Neck, where Winslow Homer lived like a hermit, forgotten by his fellow men for so many years. In Vermont there is Whitingham, which boasts that it is the birthplace of Brigham Young — oblivious of the fact that the real monument to the Mormon leader lies far west in the living organism of Utah. And, should Mahonri Young chance to visit his grandfather's birthplace, there would be no brass bands to receive him, and few would know that one of America's greatest living artists walked among them.

Now this state of things is the more deplorable because New England is not without living men of creative talent. She has, too, within her borders, the oldest and some of the most important seats of learning in the country. There lives upon her soil a small class of the most completely cultured persons to be found anywhere in North America. And along her coast among the heroic fishermen, in the interior among the grim and hardy rock farmers of her hills and valleys, there is growing up just that folklore and living legend which everywhere serves as the stuff that art, living art, is made of.

Indeed, at first blush, it would seem that New England were predestined to lead American culture in the future as in the past. New England, especially Massachusetts, has literally sired the nation. But her lifeblood seems spent. The restless pioneer moved west, leaving behind the shrewd, the cautious, the conservative — those willing to make the best of things as they were. And so we find contemporary culture in New England an isolated, detached phenomenon, drawing inspiration from a dead past rather than a living present. And for this unfortunate state of things I am inclined to blame the vacation-mindedness of the masses of the citizens more than any other single factor.

The Siren Call of Gold

Turning to the southeast corner, we find in Florida a community that is both the oldest and the youngest in our country. There the Spanish conquistador left his trail long before the Pilgrims landed from the *Mayflower*. But present-day Florida is a thing of mushroom growth, an exotic subtropical land (except for the occasional visitation of icy winds from the northwest, which the Chamber of Commerce had rather I didn't mention), whose vacation-mindedness reached a delirious climax in the land boom and crash of 1926.

Never was the essential impermanence of what I have called the vacation complex better exemplified than in that amazing collective madness which led a people to sell and resell land; to pyramid values; to lay out streets in the wilderness; to raise magnificent buildings for which no occupants existed; to ballyhoo in all conceivable and in some inconceivable ways, until worthless, unimproved land was valued as high as the best building lot in New York City!

Florida has sobered down considerably since those hectic days, but she still remains inherently vacation-minded.

From Florida one turns quite naturally to her great rival pleasure land, southern California. Here we find the same vacation-mindedness hanging over the landscape like a heat haze. But with some notable differences. Southern California has art colonies — artists who, if not native sons, are Californians by adoption and long residence, and the beginnings of a genuine regional culture. From these beginnings it is conceivable that a native American art might flower, were it not for the overwhelming and disruptive heat of a glittering sun that blazes upon the land. I am not, of course, casting aspersions upon the senior member of our little universe (I refer to Hollywood).

The motion-picture industry as it exists in concentrated form in Hollywood is a gargantuan distorter of values; it drains the nation of literary and histrionic talent, lured to its maw by the princely ransoms it pays to its elect in lieu of salaries — but it exacts a price. Of the actor it demands personality in place of genuine ability (though sometimes they are happily combined); of the writer it demands glibness, adaptability, and superficial brilliance at the expense of real imagination.

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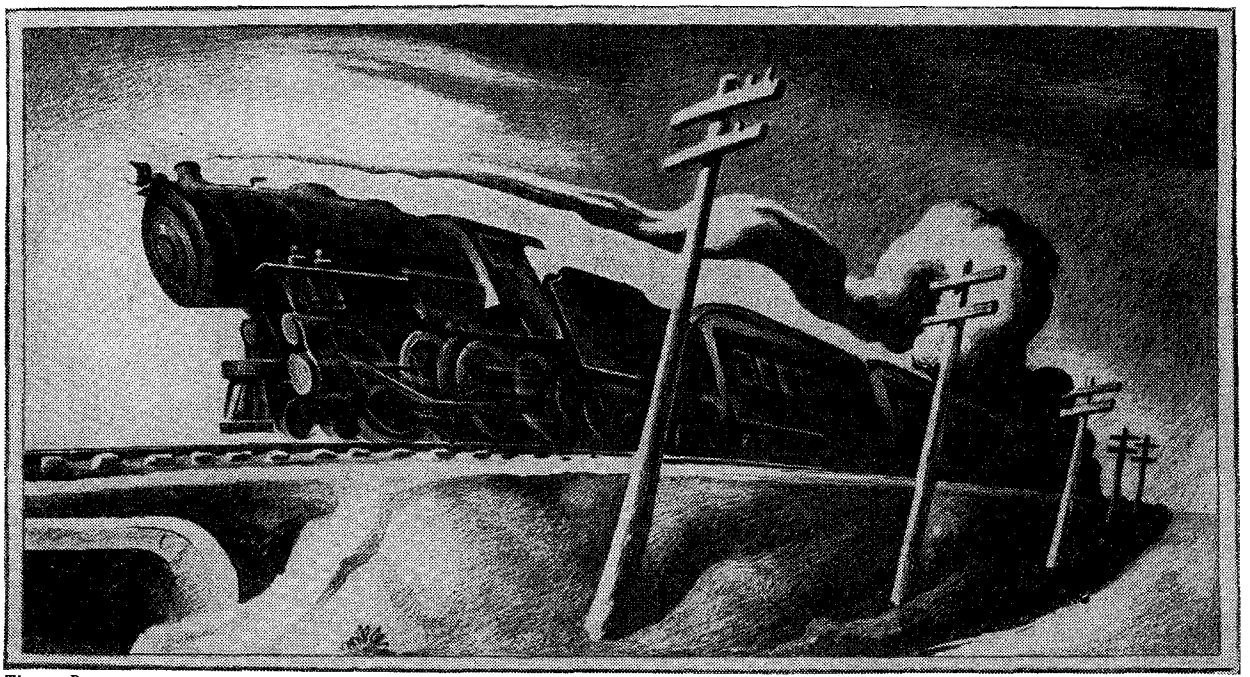

Thomas Benton — Reproduction by courtesy of the Ferargil Gallery

Going West

It would be asking too much of human nature to expect artists in such close proximity to El Dorado to be content to plod, economically speaking, toward the goal of solid achievement in their profession. It is one thing to remain calmly and unenviously content while some Babbitt makes a million in oil; quite another matter to watch your fellow creator in the field of literature amass a fortune for work that you know and he knows is factitious. It is unsettling to say the least. Several of the finest artists in California actually practice fine art as a sideline, making their living purveying scenery and technical advice to the movies. And it is as scenic art directors of this studio and that one that they are known, rather than as the creators of a living art essentially of the region.

While Hollywood remains Hollywood, all values in southern California must continue in a state of baleful distortion, inimical to the growth of a regional culture. Indeed, the best possible thing that could happen to southern California would be for the State to tax the motion-picture industry away. It would also be the best thing that could happen, in the long run, to the industry itself. Detached from its fantastic setting in the purple hills of southern California and swallowed up in the swirling multiplex life of New York City and its far-flung suburbs, Hollywood would be shorn of its mystical glamour and would set its feet on the ground and walk soberly among men.

Other Deserts

Returning to the map, from which we have eliminated three corners as being too vacation-minded to develop an indigenous culture, we may proceed with the great bulk that remains. Let us consider first that extremely populous region of Connecticut, southern New York, New Jersey, and eastern Pennsylvania. Here we have a glorified suburbia, a region where people whose minds and paramount interests are in New York City and Philadelphia sleep and enjoy a few snatched hours of leisure. This region has no separate life of its own.

And what of New York City itself? It is the mecca of the ambitious and the gateway to the world. It is the focal point to which are drawn all the native and alien forces that create our national consciousness. But whatever is created in New York has its roots elsewhere — either in the foreign cultures of Europe and other parts of the world or in those regions of America that are truly productive. New York is not America, as so many New Yorkers seem to think: it is only the face America presents to the world.

Washington, the political capital of the nation, is an artificial organism in a geographical vacuum. Approach it by train and one moment you are in the sparse second-growth wilderness of Maryland — then, presto, you see the Capitol, and the train halts in Union Station. There are no suburbs, no surroundings from which to

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draw life. It is not the capital of the United States as London is the capital of England or Paris of France; it is merely the seat of the government.

And then there is that region called the Solid South. It stretches in a broad band almost halfway across the lower part of the map. It is a cultural desert steeped in the sands of illiteracy and the ignorance of the literate. Here and there we find a flowering oasis, each a sad reminder of what might have been had not the South been the tragic victim of a national cataclysm in which was destroyed the continuity of its culture.

Land of the Pioneer

By process of elimination we are left with that vast middle region which, roughly speaking, lies between the Appalachians and the Rockies and extends from the Texas coast to Canada. This is the region where a life struggle essentially and peculiarly American must in time give rise to a culture definitely and uniquely native. Psychologically this region includes also Utah and the far Northwest, which lie outside of its geographical borders; and it excludes certain isolated spots of vacation land in New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, and Michigan.

What are the common characteristics of this great middle region that set it apart from those other sections that lie along the periphery of our country? In the first place, it is not vacation-minded. None of the elements exists that go to make up the vacation complex. It has no monuments, no holy shrines for sale, no illustrious dead to overshadow the living. Jesse James is not exactly a hero to be proud of, and Mark Twain was too great and too universal to be enshrined. The true ancestral hero of the Middle West is no individual. It is the Pioneer — a collectivity.

The Middle West has no pleasurable excitements to offer the visitor, no Coney Island, no Atlantic City, no Palm Beach, no Hollywood. It has no scenery in the usual sentimentalized misuse of the term. Its endless fields of waving wheat — now silver, now gold, as the wind blows over them and they catch the sunlight at different angles — as mobile and restless as the ocean, can best be seen from the observation car of a moving train. You cannot rush up to an endless plain, look at it, and rush away, as you would with a mountain or picturesque valley. You must live on the plain as you would on the sea, until its subtle beauty gets under your skin, until its eternally changing moods captivate your spirit. The climate is not benign. It has no sales value. Not even the most nimble-witted and venal chamber of commerce could make advertising copy out of paralyzing cold waves, blizzards, tornadoes, cloudbursts, hailstorms, floods, dust storms, droughts, and searing heat waves. The climate ranges to extremes and exhibits a ruthless variety equaled nowhere else on earth. It tries men's souls, toughens them in body, and sharpens their senses. The men of the plains have no need for the perverse excitements of the stock market; they gamble daily with nature. They live only as they may temporarily subdue nature and bend her to their service. Coming as restless, fortune-seeking nomads, they have struck deep roots in the soil of their land.

Those who migrate from the Middle West are not the pioneers who are seeking new worlds to conquer, but they are those wearied of the eternal struggle with nature, who, having amassed a few shekels, hie them to the Garden of Eden of southern California to live and die in peace. So the biological selection that is taking place is the opposite of that which has drained New England of her pioneer stock. Here the pioneer remains; planted at last, his restless spirit turns inward, and he begins the laborious creation of spiritual values toward the upbuilding of a living social organism unlike any other on earth.

It is easy enough to make fun of the idealism of the anchored pioneer, to poke derision at his legislative clowning, to laugh at the restless meddling of the ubiquitous women's clubs and their striving after Culture. But out of these naïve gestures toward a regional culture there is emerging a force and consciousness essentially American and destined to set its stamp upon the nation as a whole. The cynical scoffing which passes for sophistication in the older communities of the East was not able to carry art beyond puerile imitation of crackpot French models. Let us face the fact that in both art and literature America has been afflicted with colonialism down to recent times. How could it be otherwise? American culture was a transplanted thing — a white man's culture in a red man's land. It took time for the

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impact of the new continent to effect a transmutation of those spiritual and psychic factors that give rise to cultures. Though we declared our political independence of England in 1776, it was not until the advent of Walt Whitman that American literature began to differ markedly from the parent stem.

Sons of the Plains

It is much too late to tell the readers of these pages that Charles Burchfield, Thomas Benton, John Steuart Curry, Grant Wood, and others, having shed French influences, are producing a significant American art. That task has already been brilliantly accomplished elsewhere by Thomas Craven. The point of interest is that all four of the artists mentioned are (like Thomas Craven, one of our most fearless and trenchant commentators on art) middle westerners. So is Frank Lloyd Wright, the pioneer architect. So are Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Booth Tarkington, Carl Sandburg, Susan Glaspell, and Thornton Wilder in literature, to mention only a few names at random.

The Middle West was settled by pioneers who advanced into the wilderness leaving their culture behind them. They were equipped only with their character, a shooting iron, an ax, and a Bible. Quite naturally, their children grew up in aesthetic nakedness. We are only just beginning to realize what a very good thing that was. Having no culture at all, the pioneer settler in the Middle West did not have to go through the painful process of shedding the skin of imposed and false values. Starting from scratch, he is, as an artist, better situated than men in other regions to produce something wholly new and vigorously native. In other words he is able to do for art what his ancestors had previously done in politics and industry — strike new ground. As for the rest of the citizens, unhampered by the vacation-mindedness and ancestor worship of other sections, they are able to give themselves wholeheartedly to the appreciation and support of living artists. For, having no organized excitements with which to entertain himself, the citizen is literally forced to create spiritual and aesthetic values to take their place.

I do not wish to imply that the average citizen in the Middle West is already a full-fledged art connoisseur. Far from it. Probably he knows as little of art as similar good men and true elsewhere. But he is in a decidedly better position to learn to appreciate art than the citizen of other sections. He is not troubled by the multifarious interests that clamor for the attention of the urbanites. Then too, it is his own art that he may gaze upon, created not by foreigners and queer people but by his own boys and girls. He has a head start toward the understanding of his art, because it is regional — because it depicts people and scenes he knows and understands. He may not like some of it — may not think it especially flattering — but he is forced to admit its authenticity and familiarity.

Long before the federal government had begun to foster local art, Grant Wood had established his school at Stone City, Iowa. And, much earlier even, in 1894, Birger Sandzen, of Swedish birth, had established himself at the Bethany College of Fine Arts in the relatively small town of Lindsborg, Kansas. There he has been painting the American scene and teaching others to paint it, ever since.

To be sure, there are art colonies and art schools in all other parts of the country. But none are as truly regional as those of the Middle West. There is another point to be made. Thomas Benton, Grant Wood, Birger Sandzen, and other middle-western artists are not without honor in their own communities. In fact, the native sons are known and respected by the common run of citizens to a degree that is without parallel elsewhere in the United States. In Kansas City, any taxicab driver is able to tell you who Thomas Benton is.

It has not been my aim in these lines to suggest directly or by implication that any section of our country is precluded from the possibility of making a notable and lasting contribution to American art.

All sections of the country are today contributing to the growth of a national art, either through government aid or to the extent that all are continually sending individual artists to New York City, where they live and create under the impetus of experiences and observations garnered on their native soil. But the Middle West, because of the special conditions of growth and present circumstances, seems to me, as a *region*, best equipped to develop a regional art sufficiently germane and vital to carry the nation.

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The Meaning of Leisure

by **MARJORIE BARSTOW GREENBIE**

Some time ago, when the aldermen of New York City discovered that the idle on relief were being taught to use their leisure, there was a burst of indignation from these outraged gentlemen, which soon turned into a general public laugh. Barefoot dancing instead of food — hah! Craftsmanship instead of honest work! Teaching denizens of the sidewalks of New York boondoggling. Boondoggling! No one knew what it meant. What a word for all this futile activity which meant no one knew what either!

But, after all, is it really so funny?

True, there is a lot that is ridiculous in the present passion for hobbies. A man has no roof over his head. Very well, let him build a nice little house of matchsticks. A child has no shoes. Why bother? Just teach him barefoot dancing. The department store is full of clothes, furniture, kitchen utensils which many cannot buy. Just have a hobby show and display a lot of bicycles, roller skates, and fishing tackle which give these millions, who cannot find an honest way of earning an honest penny, a long and solemn sermon on the "creative uses of leisure."

Where the development of leisure-time activities is just a means of diverting us from the crucial need of finding useful employment and a basic income for every citizen who will and can work, there is nothing to be said for it. Where it is just a new kind of blah to get us to buy more gadgets, there is everything to be said against it. But, for the individual who has to get along as best he can with whatever income this cracked and creaking economic system happens to be providing, the new doctors of leisure seem to hold out a promise of security, both spiritual and economic — a security which large numbers have ceased to hope for from capitalism. This is the reason for all the talk of the "new leisure." Leisure isn't new. What is new is something people are trying to manufacture out of it. They are trying to make a new religion of leisure to take the place of the old religion of capitalism.

For capitalism is failing us not as an economic fact but as a way of life, a faith by which one can direct one's personal efforts and not be betrayed. So long as a small saving of seed from this year's harvest will grow a harvest twice as large next year, there is bound to be capitalism, of a sort. It is implicit in all the relations of man to nature. There was capitalism before the era we call the age of capitalism, and there will be capital and the use of capital when we are calling ourselves by some other name and going socially in some other direction from the one we have been headed in. But it is one of the curious habits of man that, in any given era, he takes what happens to be his paramount social necessity and builds thereon a system of moral habits, a blind faith which is really a religion and to which religious symbolism and dogma inherited from the past are usually shaped.

Perhaps we are still too capitalistic to appraise this process with regard to capitalism. But we are far enough away from feudalism to see how feudalism was a religion. In a disordered Europe, when self-defense was the principal necessity, the figure of the defender became the center of man's moral life and the symbol of all security. The necessary virtues and disciplines of soldiers were elaborated into a code of general conduct. God himself became a feudal lord, from whom the descending ranks of saints and angels drew light and glory, as the descending ranks of feudal retainers drew security from their feudal head.

When feudalism had done its work and established a comparatively peaceful Europe, men began to spread into other countries to find homes and to trade. The new necessities of

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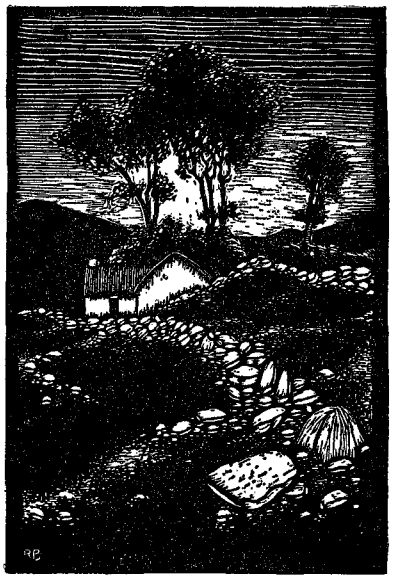
men under new conditions became the mothers of new inventions. Then the provider of capital, the organizer of new industries and new sources of wealth became the center of man's social thinking. Not fighting but work became his principal activity, and his reward not glory but a money wage. Perhaps capitalism has now done its work, too. Perhaps the lack of confidence which businessmen deplore is only a failing spiritual vitality in capitalism which no material machinery can restore. Everywhere there is a feeling that the system of life under which we have been living has cheated us. It has promised us prosperity and left us with a lot of useless bills to pay. It has promised us happiness and left us with frayed nerves and tired souls and a sense of drive which forces our flagging energies to more and more effort to get what we have really ceased to want.

The Mores of Capitalism

This is where the new religion of leisure enters in. Disregarding all the trivialities, the care and feeding of hobby horses, the new salesmanship of new gadgets which will help you through an idle moment, what is it that men are seeking which makes this word *leisure* a word to conjure with? They are seeking human security, which means security not only of life but of personal happiness, outside the industrial and financial machinery of the present. They are challenging the hypotheses of capitalism as men have in the past challenged other kinds of dogma.



One of the dogmas of capitalism is that all work is inherently disagreeable. Therefore it is to be organized so that there will be the greatest production in the least possible time, and it must be done only by people who do that work and nothing else. Hence the truly capitalistic idea of work implies a rigorous caste system. To each man is assigned the one and only task he will be allowed to do. This task is to be paid for only in money, and only by the payment of money will he be able to get food and shelter and other means of keeping himself alive. This is the idea implicit in a great deal of popular economic discussion. In it is the seed of fascism, the capitalistic state at last frozen into castes. If you are a lawyer who likes to dig in the garden for recreation and raise your own peas, there is an outcry that you are taking the bread out of the mouth of the farmer. If, for amusement, you paint your own house, the criticism is two-edged. In the first place, the professional painter could do it better. Therefore it is foolish for you to abandon the task you do best to do something you cannot do as well. In the second place, you are depriving the painter of his job.

Of course this kind of specialization is monotonous and joyless. It has therefore been necessary to support the capitalistic dogmas with religious and ethical ideals which deny the right of man to joy. It is frivolous to be happy. You work for a career, for self-improvement, for other people. You must get on in life. Your highest ideal is "service" or, as Hitler and Mussolini like to put it, "sacrifice."

Now the new doctors of leisure come along, implying, even when they are too dumb to say it, that perhaps this is all wrong. Perhaps a man can live most truly not when he is working but when he is idling. Perhaps there is a lot of work which he can take out of the caste system and turn into fun. Perhaps having fun in life is more important than getting on in one narrow groove. What if the farmer *can* raise better peas with less labor per hour? You had a good time raising the peas and you like the taste of them. They come to the table bringing the aroma of long sunny hours in the garden. They smell of upturned earth and spring rains. They make you feel proud and thrifty. So with arts and games. Carried to an extreme, the capitalistic faith implies that you are not to make your own music, since you probably do it badly, but to sit still and have the music of the great orchestras brought to you by radio. You are not to get up your own dramas but only to save your money and pay it at the box office to see the great professionals tread the stage. But the new religion of leisure says to do it

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yourself. It is not only the result which matters.

What Money Is For

The new religion of leisure involves a new attitude to work, a new attitude to wealth, and a new attitude to time. Our great error has been the belief that, because our industrial and commercial organization can do some things for us better than we can do them for ourselves, it can do everything better. Because we are glad to have it take from us the work that used to be drudgery, there is no reason why it should also take the activities that may be fun.

No one wants to do again the kind of work from which modern plumbing has relieved us. Hauling water and carrying out slops cannot be leisure-time activities. But hoeing in the garden may be. Some tasks which, pursued professionally, are very hard work for very poor pay are the delight of the amateur. Such tasks are the raising of fruits and vegetables and the various kinds of hand sewing and knitting which are, on the one hand, the drudgery of the sweatshop laborer and, on the other, the delight of the lady of leisure. Two knitted dresses may look exactly alike. But into one may be knitted pain, weariness, and poverty, and into the other chains of happy memories, like continuous threads of gold, blessing the wearer to the last unraveling. It all depends on whether the dress was made by a tenement worker under the drive of starvation or by the lady herself, chatting with her friends, sitting in the family circle listening to the radio, coming back to her knitting for rest and quiet thinking, and feeling pride and satisfaction in her handiwork.

Whatever arrangements we may make to establish a basic financial security, a new and wiser society must take cognizance of this psychic factor in work. It must be realized that for each one of us, varying with the individual's taste and capacity, there is an amount of useful and wealth-producing activity which ought to be taken out of the industrial and commercial machine and given into individual hands which reach for it with pride and pleasure.

And this implies a different idea of wealth. We have thought of wealth only as money or a money wage. Wealth is not the money but only what the money buys. Whatever you create for yourself directly enhances your wealth and, hence, your standard of living just as surely as if you first earned the money and paid someone else to make it for you. Those who, working eight hours a day in industry, use their extra time to paint the house, make clothes, create their own music or their own social life have released just so much actual cash for what only cash can obtain. All fun at home is so much money not spent at the movies or the dance hall. The effect of a happy, varied activity in one's leisure time is to double wealth by concentrating the actual cash earned in industry on those things which only industry can produce, such as motorcars and plumbing. This is why Henry Ford encouraged his workers to raise their own gardens. The $200 saved by the average family through happy, health-giving exercise in the garden was just about enough to pay the yearly cost of the car that Ford then sold them.

But these leisure-time activities cannot be happily pursued with the concept of time necesssary in industry. The point in industrial activity is to get something done. The point in leisure-time activity is to have a good time while you are doing it. One must relax and spread one's effort. One must linger and be wayward. One must cultivate the reverse of the industrial virtues. It is the principal fault of most organizers of recreation and leisure that they import into the new activities the tensions of industrial work and capitalistic effort. They drive and organize. They visualize a result and push through to it with passion. And when they explain their philosophy they fall back on the old lures of capitalism. This avocation they say will lead to a vocation. You may in the end make money by it. To use your leisure well makes you more able to work. Poor fools.

Such thoughts on leisure do not imply a complete philosophy of living. They only call attention to our social dilemma. Industrial work is shrinking. The working time occupied in any wage-rewarded work is growing less and less. There are more and more hours that a man must fill somehow. Yet surely there is more to life than bouncing up and down on hobby horses. What a melancholy thing is time if all one can do with it is to kill it! If our society is to survive, we must realize that the lures, the dreams of capitalism are failing also. And we must look for a new faith, a new hope, and new objects of love and of loving effort to fill the otherwise appalling blanks.

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The Artist's Point of View

The Government Art Projects Invite Appraisal

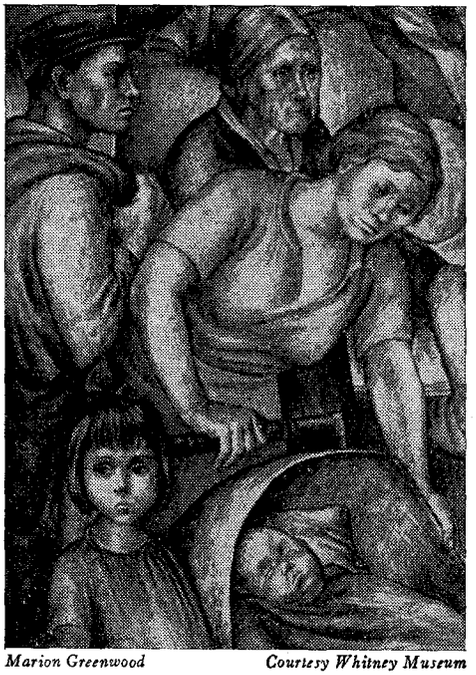
LET'S admit at once that the government art program — this paying of real money to several thousand artists to produce pictures and sculptures for the community use — is an epochal, a civilized, and a civilizing event. It is epochal because, for the first time in our history, forces have been set in motion which, in the arts, may radically alter the practical and vicarious flavor of American life. They *may* alter it if we comprehend what is happening and the potentialities for the richer life latent therein. They may *not* alter it if we allow our predisposition to aesthetic somnambulism to have its way.

Perhaps the first emerging value of these arts projects (and all the arts can be included) is this: They are an official admission of the historically proven axiom that a national culture is created and measured by *productions* and not by hoarding, hero-worshiping, or copying. Also, of the corollary that productions must be produced by living rather than dead artists.

George Biddle *Courtesy Whitney Museum*

The artists have responded to this tangible, pay-check evidence of appreciation of their function in society and have worked — as these exhibits show. On the right is a panel from George Biddle's mural for the Department of Justice Building in Washington. The inscription reads: "*The sweatshop and tenement of yesterday can be the life ordered with justice of tomorrow.*" And the inscription marks the coming of age of American mural painting, which has outgrown the "inspirational" daydream to face reality.

On the left is a detail from a mural by Marion Greenwood for a Camden, New Jersey, housing project. Here also is reality and human character combined with powerful sculptural forms of architectural design and plastic feeling. It is a typical mural of the new day.



Marion Greenwood *Courtesy Whitney Museum*

The public has read the copious news stories about these local projects and been interested — perhaps only because it was "their" post office that was being decorated and "their" artists who were being recognized. Never mind the reasons. Art is being pulled out of the studio, the museum, and the pink tea. It is at work in buildings. It is being used!

The work so far produced presents a faithful cross-section of contemporary standards — the poverty-stricken ones still in general favor, as well as the advanced ones which have outgrown the decadence of the last century. This broad base is inevitable and need not be unhealthy. It allows free play for growth, discovers new talents. Its democracy has broken the stranglehold of the romantic-escape school of mural painting on officialdom and the general public.

These are the easily comprehensible values in the government arts projects. Next month I shall examine some less obvious but equally important values.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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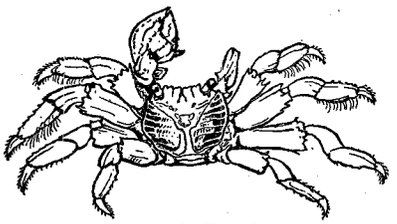
The Scarlet Crab

Part I of the* FORUM—*Dodd, Mead $2,000 Prize Mystery Novel



Drawings by Helen Damrosch Tee-Van

***by* CLIFFORD KNIGHT**

IT WAS three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon that the strange head appeared above the top of the dazzling-white garden wall. It was a well-shaped head, rather round, and the hair on top was blond. A neat blond mustache was lodged above full red lips; the cheeks were bronzed, the nose quite masculine. But the arresting thing about the head was its extraordinary air of earnestness.

"I say, you're Bartlett, aren't you?" was the question fired at me.

I sat up on my blanket where I had been lying in the bright California sunshine in what I thought was the privacy of the yard.

"Yes," I answered.

"You're something of an ornithologist." The head lifted higher, and a pair of thick shoulders clad in a lemon-colored polo shirt came into view.

I didn't know this fellow on the wall. But he'd made the statement that I was an ornithologist, and his manner indicated that he doubted I could successfully deny it.

"'Something' describes it," I answered. "It's just a hobby."

"I'm Lanfrey — Carlos Lanfrey. I live back of you here." He jerked his head toward the house whose red-tile roof was visible among the live oak trees across the top of the wall.

"There was a picture or something in the *Los Angeles Times* this morning," I said, my mind becoming active.

"Oh, that!" he said, gesturing with his ham-like fist. "That's why I'm here. Saw somebody taking a sun bath from my window. Thought it might be you, so I came right over to see if you would like to take a little trip with me. I telephoned Chandler, the curator at the Museum, to recommend an ornithologist, and he named you. Gad! I've been nuts all morning wondering what I was going to do. Can you get ready right away?"

"I'm not getting ready to do anything. Where was it — ?"

"Oh — just down to the Galapagos Islands," he said hopefully. "Be gone a couple of months. Longer if necessary. Had a fellow who knew all about birds."

"You mean Risner?"

"Yeah. They operated on him this morning, and he'll be laid up for six weeks. All his traps are aboard. Get what clothes you want, and I'll drive you down to the harbor when I go. We sail at six."

"Galapagos."

"Yes. Ever been down there?"

"Once. I've been thinking I'd stay in Southern California until fall."

He seemed a bit incredulous.

"There isn't anything wrong with you? So that you have to take sun baths?" he asked.

"No."

"Gorell is going and French and Ardleigh. Top men in their lines," he continued hopefully.

The sun was warm on my back; the peacefulness of the yard with its flowers already had cast a spell upon me; the soft contours of the San Gabriel Mountains looming beyond Carlos Lanfrey's house were restful. Here was Lanfrey, sportsman and amateur scientist, hanging over the wall with a request that I leave this peaceful retreat and go off on a scientific expedition at a moment's notice. It wasn't that I was, so to speak, second fiddle in Lanfrey's plans. For Risner was by far the best man who could be chosen for such work. Birds with me, after all, were only a hobby begun in high school and kept going through the years since.

Carlos Lanfrey rubbed his forehead, a gesture that suggested he was stumped. A shadow crossed his face; a self-accusing expression appeared about his blue eyes.

"I apologize," he said. "I should have thought of it before. Please feel free to bring anybody along with you that you want." His face brightened. "Your wife — there's plenty of room. My wife is going. Gorell is taking Mrs. Gorell. There's another woman — Alice Wilmer — "

"Thanks. I'm not married."

"Anybody else, then. Your sister. Friend. There's plenty of company for them. Huntoon Rogers from the University — "

"Not Hunt Rogers," I said.

"Yeah. Know him?"

"Yes. But what's a professor of English doing on a scientific expedition?"

"Oh, Hunt's just a supercargo. I like him. He needs the rest."

"The old skate," I said. "I've been wanting to talk to him."

Carlos Lanfrey's face brightened engagingly. He made a move as though to disappear behind the wall.

"I'll be by for you in about an hour," he said.

I hadn't said that I would go. I had said merely that I'd been wanting to talk to Hunt Rogers. But why not? It was only for a couple of months. Other plans I had been slowly maturing could wait. At least I shouldn't be lonely if Hunt Rogers were a member of the party and I had always meant to go back to the Galapagos for a second look.

My sister Marjory's voice floated to me through the upper hall inquiringly: "What's the row about, Benny?"

Perhaps I had been making considerable of a stir as I gathered my stuff together. "It's nothing," I called out. "Just packing up."

"Packing? What for?"

"Leaving."

"Where to?"

"The Galapagos for a couple of months with Carlos Lanfrey."

Marjory's determined footfall clicked on the floor of her room and came along the upper hall. A moment later her slim figure stood in the doorway. Marjory is young and beautiful. She looked at me challengingly.

"Did I hear you correctly?" she inquired.

"I presume so."

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"But you just got back from Mexico."

"What of it?"

She took a new tack: "I didn't know you knew Carlos Lanfrey."

"I don't. He climbed up on the back fence and introduced himself."

"Is he taking that yacht of his?"

"There's probably some such means provided for the expedition."

"Carlos married a new wife. Eight months ago. Number three."

"He said he was taking her."

"Number two divorced him because he was always running off to queer places."

"Interesting," I commented. "But not important."

Marjory picked up my cigarettes and lit one. "How soon are you starting? Tomorrow?"

"Today. In a few minutes."

"What is there down at Galapagos that's so interesting?"

"Unusual flora and fauna. The unanswered question of how it got there. Shells. Fish. Birds. Reptiles. A naturalist's paradise — " I was interrupted by the sound of the chimes at the front door, and I heard the Filipino houseboy going to answer it as I crammed the last shirt into my bag.

"But, Benny," Marjory's voice suddenly held a note of dismay, "the Fernalds are coming for dinner and bridge. They're bringing Betty for you — "

"Call up Eric Meeker," I said. "Tell him he's to substitute for me. Good-by." I kissed her and went downstairs to one of the strangest and most terrifying experiences any man has ever had.

A shipload of men and women scientists in the bizarre and lonely Galapagos Islands — haunt of giant turtles and a crab as red as blood. Violence and death cut short the expedition's peaceful routine, and this unusual story chronicles the tracking down of a relentless killer.

II

SHIPS HAVE never meant anything to me except as a means of transportation. But, even so, I am not insensible to their charms. When we came in sight of *Cyrene II* lying at her dock, an exclamation escaped me. The sheer beauty of her lines, the rakish smartness, the chunk she must have knocked out of Lanfrey's bank roll amazed me. Carlos Lanfrey's eyes shifted from the yacht to me; a slow smile appeared upon his full lips.

"Like her?"

"She's a beauty," I answered.

"Right you are. Two hundred and eight feet over all," he said, and then I could see that his mind was on other things, as indeed it had been nearly all the way down from San Marino to the harbor.

We drew up on the open dock, and Lanfrey leaped out. "Make yourself at home," he said. "I'll introduce you at dinnertime."

I followed my stuff on board, where a steward took it in charge. He was a neat, soft-spoken man of about thirty-five, with blond hair and two prominent gold teeth.

"I am Starr," he said, touching his cap. "You have cabin number ten. I'll show you." He picked up my stuff.

"Take it down," I said. "I'll find the room later."

"Yes, Sir. Thank you." He whisked away, sagging under the weight of my luggage.

Stores were still coming aboard. Last-minute things that clutter up the dock at sailing time. Several persons were idling about on the dock. I saw Ardleigh and waved to him from the rail. As I stood there a small coupé drove rapidly down the roadway and turned in upon the dock. A man and a woman alighted. A few moments later I noted the efficient Starr, although how he had arrived on the scene I did not know, bent under the load of luggage and piloting them up the gangplank.

The man was young, possibly thirty, tall, muscular, and dark. He had a sensitive underlip and rather bushy eyebrows for so young a man. The woman was youthful. Indeed almost a girl. Her carriage was businesslike, her step confident and sure. She was amazingly beautiful: a perfect blonde, with blue eyes that almost seemed to speak.

I heard her say: "Is all your stuff on board, Jack?"

"Yep," the young man answered. "Stowed down in the laboratory. They've fixed up a regular studio for me. You'll have to see it."

"I want to see it," the girl replied. They disappeared, leaving me to reflect upon the pleasing quality of her voice. Here was a girl I wanted to know, and, not oddly, I was glad she was going with us.

Dr. Gorell and Dr. French came aboard. I knew French. He introduced Gorell, a pudgy, oldish man with a dark, masklike visage. His small eyes gleamed from behind gold-rimmed glasses. French was a sort of enigma to me, a tall, red-haired, freckled enigma, as silent almost as a deaf mute. He was about thirty-five, a terrific worker, and a man of extraordinary ambitions. He was an all-around naturalist but lately had been confining himself to marine life.

As we stood talking Mrs. Gorell came hunting her husband. She was a woman well along in middle years, with a dark, fleshy face and a fat, dumpy body. She had an abrupt, almost blunt manner of speech. Her small dark eyes bored through me.

"Bartlett?" she repeated my name. "Are you one of the San Marino Bartletts?"

"My home is in San Marino. With my sister," I answered.

"Humph!" she grunted, but whether from approbation or disapproval I'll never know. She ended in taking herself off with Gorell and French, and my attention returned to the scene on the dock.

The sun already was down behind the smooth brown hills to westward of San Pedro when the last sling load came over the side. The winches ceased to rumble, the longshoremen deserted us, the gangplank came in, the whistle blew, and the lines were cast off. We backed over to the turning basin, executed the slow maneuver, and headed down the main channel toward the open sea. Uncle Sam's great gray fleet of warships lay anchored in the outer harbor, glamourous and sparkling in the last rays of the setting sun.

"I always get a thrill when I see them," said a delightfully sweet voice at my side. "I wish I could join the navy."

I turned to see who this fellow voyager was, knowing of course that it must be the alert, businesslike girl who had come aboard with the young man she called Jack.

"Have you never tried?" I asked. "The boys are permitted to marry as soon as they are out of Annapolis."

She made a face at me but she didn't move away, for which I was glad. We passed the breakwater light and *Cyrene II* dipped her nose into a long green roller of the open sea. To westward the great red disk of the setting sun was half below the horizon. A flock of sea gulls, hopeful of scraps from the galley, hovered at our stern.

"Aren't you excited?" demanded the girl, talking with her eloquent blue eyes as well as with her lips.

"About leaving?"

"Yes, of course."

"I suppose so."

She looked directly at me, her eyes searching mine. "I've been so excited for days that I have hardly slept. When Dr. French said I was to go I threw my arms around him and kissed him. It nearly

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embarrassed him to death. Isn't it wonderful to go adventuring on a yacht like this? Isn't it?" she demanded.

"Oh, yes. Imagine, though, wasting kisses on French!"

She didn't reply to that. An odor of roasting meat came from the galley, mingled with the cool salt breeze. The sun was swallowed by the sea as we talked, although its rays still lingered on the two peaks of Santa Catalina Island to our right.

"What is your specialty?" inquired the girl. "Are you taking Dr. Risner's place?"

"As best I can."

"What's your name?"

"Bartlett. Benny for short."

"I'm Alice Wilmer," she said.

"May I inquire what you do?"

"I'm the artist. I paint the strange creatures of the vasty deep for Dr. French; I catch the ethereal, the elusive colors before they fade — "

"Of course. A young chap came aboard with you — "

"Jack Quigley?"

"You called him Jack. What does he do?"

"He's the photographer. Mr. Lanfrey got him from one of the film studios in Hollywood. That was his sister who drove us down. She and I room together in Hollywood."

"Have I got them all?" I asked. "There's Gorell and Mrs. Gorell. French and Ardleigh. You and Jack Quigley. And Lanfrey."

"You left out Mrs. Lanfrey."

"That's so. Have you seen her?"

"No, but Mrs. Gorell said she was aboard. Oh, yes, and there's a strange man in a brown suit. He's got funny ears — "

"Hunt Rogers," I said. "Are you sure he's aboard?"

"Yes. He was in his bunk groaning. I said: 'Can I help you, Sir?' and he said: 'Yes, please; by getting out.' He was very polite for a sick man."

"That's Hunt. He gets green at the sight of a bucket of water."

"Who is he?"

"Teaches English at the University."

"Why did they bring him?"

"I asked that too. He needs a change."

"I'm going to like you," the girl said suddenly.

"That goes double," I said, and I meant it.

She looked back along our wake at the rapidly vanishing harbor. The purple shadows of night were upon the mountains rising ever higher in the background. A tall figure swung along the deck toward us. The girl said:

"Hello, Jack. This is Mr. Bartlett — Mr. Quigley."

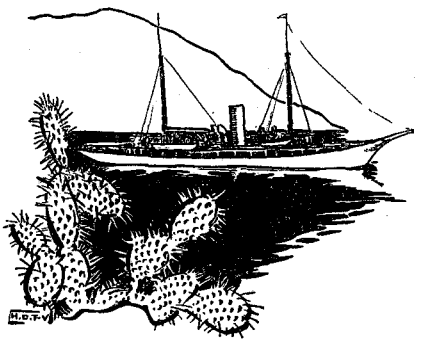
We shook hands. He had a frank, pleasing manner.

"Isn't dinner ready, Jack?" asked the girl.

"Almost," answered Quigley. "The dining room looks about all set."

"There! Listen!" exclaimed the girl.

The soft notes of a gong were sounding inside; a moment later Starr stepped out upon the deck caressing the dinner call with a soft mallet.



III

Few scientific expeditions had ever put to sea more luxuriously than we. My previous trip to the Galapagos had been in a serviceable ship but with cramped quarters and less than average food. But here on *Cyrene II* I had only the feeling of a luxury cruise. The table as we entered the beautifully paneled dining saloon glittered with crystal and silver. However, that was Carlos Lanfrey's business. Even though he was very rich and his hobby was the leading of small scientific expeditions into out-of-the-way places on a palatial yacht, there wasn't anything to be done about it. My thoughts were interrupted by Alice Wilmer at my elbow.

"Who am I to criticize?" she murmured.

"Stow it," I said. "This is one of the hardships you'll have to endure." For which she smiled at me. I was very sure I was going to like her.

But I did wonder as I took my place whether anything worth-while would be accomplished against this background of splendor.

At the head of the table, standing very tall in gold braid, Carlos Lanfrey was waiting for us to take our places. At this moment a strange woman appeared among us and passed along behind me to a seat. She was a striking-looking person, dark and slender, somewhere in her middle thirties. Simply gowned, there was, however, an ineffable air of smartness about her. Perhaps it was the fine nose and forehead, possibly the little wisp of gray that was brushed back from her right temple in her dark hair; anyhow, something stamped her as a thoroughbred is stamped.

"My dear," said Carlos Lanfrey, looking directly at her with a welcoming smile, "I want you to meet these interesting people. Mrs. Lanfrey," he said, addressing us. He began at his right and went around the table with the introductions. Her brown eyes met mine, but there was no warmth in them, only cold, rather indifferent appraisal.

"Mr. Bartlett," Lanfrey addressed me at the conclusion of this formality, "you perhaps need introducing — "

"It's quite all right, Captain," I said. "I've managed to meet everybody present."

"That's good. Since we are to be together for a period of two months or more," Lanfrey began, looking eagerly about the table at us, "I trust we all will quickly arrive at that feeling of comradeship towards one another which in my experience is the inevitable result of an expedition of this kind. We have considerable work mapped out. It will be hard work. Tempers may fray at times, interests may overlap and clash a little, but I hope we all will come through with friendships unimpaired. I want to do everything I can to make you comfortable; I want to do what I can to make your work a complete success. Just because I am in command I do not want you to feel that I am not one of you. I am a scientist at heart if not in training and experience, rather than a yachtsman. I rejoice in having you as my guests. There is a certain ship's discipline, of course, that must be observed, but that will obtrude as little as possible."

When the Captain had finished we all clapped loudly, and he bowed. Jack Quigley, with the intrepidity of youth, proposed Captain Lanfrey, and we drank it down.

"For heaven's sake," a voice murmured at my side. "I'm starving!"

"The ever hungry blonde," I commented.

"This one is hungry now," Alice Wilmer retorted.

"Here's Starr. Good old Starr with food," I said, as Starr set a plate before her. If he heard me he gave no sign but with the help of a boy went on serving the plates.

It was not until we were waiting for the dessert and cigarette smoke was perfuming the air that we got back to business again. This time it was Ardleigh. Ardleigh long had been tops in geology at the University. I once had been a student under him and I knew the old boy or I thought I did. He was past sixty, but beyond a few gray hairs and a slight wrinkling of the skin of his cheeks, like an apple that is beginning to

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dry out, there was nothing to indicate his advancing age. He had piercing gray-green eyes beneath overhanging brows, a nose that curved like a handle, the hard lips of a turtle; and his tall, slender body seemed strengthened with re-enforcing steel.

"Is he as mean as he looks?" whispered Alice Wilmer.

"On the contrary. Away from his field he is a mewing kitten. Don't cross him on his subject, though."

"What is he?"

"Geologist. He knows all the answers."

"Of everybody here," she said softly, "I think I like Dr. Gorell the least. And his wife — "

"Woman's intuition?"

She shook her head and lighted a cigarette.

"I've been wondering, Captain Lanfrey — " Dr. Ardleigh spoke up with something of his old classroom drawl as he flicked the ash from his cigarette. "There are some of those here who are unaware of just how this expedition got its start. Perhaps, also, the purpose, the precise purpose, of the expedition might be stated — for the better understanding — "

"Right," Lanfrey interrupted quickly. "Mrs. Lanfrey even," and he smiled at his wife, "has scarcely heard anything at all. I've been so rushed getting organized. I — "

"Oh, I know it has something to do with desert isles," said Mrs. Lanfrey with what seemed an effort to be gayly companionable.

"Yes, my dear." Lanfrey smiled amusedly at her. "Desert isles." Then his blue eyes sought mine. "And Bartlett," he said, "three hours before we sailed didn't know he was to go along with us. I owe him an apology for jerking him into this thing. And there are others — Miss Wilmer, Mr. Quigley — who would like to know — "

"The thing has been on Chandler's mind for a long while," interrupted Ardleigh. "That collection of his at the Museum has been incomplete."

"Yes. Chandler is responsible," Lanfrey went on. "I was talking to him at the Museum eight weeks ago, and he remarked that there were many items he still lacked in his Galapagos collection. About that time Charley Risner came in and we got to talking about the problem at Galapagos — whether there was once a land bridge to Mexico or Central America over which the flora and fauna of the islands came or whether it was ocean-borne. One thing led to another. We got to talking of men who might profitably be sent to Galapagos, and I said that I had two or three months free and the yacht, which I would be willing to offer, if he would name the members of the expedition. That's the beginning."

"Of course," said Ardleigh, drawling slightly and flicking the ash from his cigarette, "this expedition is not prepared to settle the old problem of how the archipelago got its flora and fauna, whether over an ancient land bridge or by sea transport — "

Dr. Gorell, who until now had been silent, suddenly thrust out his lower jaw. The gold-rimmed spectacles astride his nose seemed almost to sparkle with the fire in his small eyes.

"There's only one explanation of that." His voice seemed to bite. "It was by sea transport. The Humboldt current — other currents, perhaps, in prehistoric times — man himself — "

"Well, now, Gorell," drawled Ardleigh, a faint smile on his hard lips, "there's the Galapagos tortoise, for example. It's a land animal. Can't swim. It wouldn't be caught in the first place on a raft of driftwood; if it were it wouldn't survive the hundreds of miles it would have had to drift to reach those islands — "

"You don't use your head, Ardleigh," snapped Gorell. "You overlook the fact that the Galapagos tortoise is a toothsome meal to any man, modern or prehistoric. There's evidence all around the Pacific of prehistoric men. Suppose they put the tortoise on the islands for a future food supply, just as in later times Captain Cook left goats and pigs and other cattle on the various islands of the south seas — "

"It's possible that could have happened with the tortoise," said Ardleigh.

"It's plausible," said French speaking up for the first time. "Adaptive changes no doubt — "

"Plausible?" almost shouted Gorell. "Sea transport and adaptation is the answer. It's reasonable — more so than that there once was a land bridge between mainland and the Galapagos. Why go so far back in geologic time when it's not at all necessary? That's tommyrot!"

A hand touched my arm, and a voice whispered softly in my ear: "Is he mad at anybody, do you think?"

Alice Wilmer had asked the question that was in my own mind. Dr. Gorell had launched upon something more than a friendly argument; there was irascibility there, almost there was animus. I noted a swift expression of anger cross Ardleigh's face. French moved uneasily in his chair.

It was puzzling to me. I've seen raw nerves react from the tedium of long expeditions, but such incidents came only toward the end, not at the beginning. There long have been two schools of thought as to how the volcanic Galapagos were supplied with life. These schools have been opposed for at least forty years. So this late date was no time for heat over a question so academic as this one.

I puzzled over the thing alone on the afterdeck when dinner was concluded. Also I began to wonder if I hadn't been rash in joining the expedition. If there were lack of harmony in it at the outset, what could possibly be accomplished?

A figure passed me, making a turn around the afterdeck. I called.

"Yes, Sir," was the quick response.

"Is it you, Starr?"

"Yes, Sir, Mr. Bartlett. What may I do for you?"

"It's a nice night."

"Beautiful night, Sir." He drew up to my side.

"Are you still on duty?"

"I'm always on duty, Sir, if you wish something."

"But you have this time to yourself — ?"

"Yes, Sir. I am taking my constitutional."

"After all the luggage and the serving of dinner?"

"Yes, Sir. I must keep in good trim. I seem to need more exercise than most men, Sir. I was at one time in the prize ring."

"What were you?"

"Light heavy, Sir. But it meant only pork and beans, and I was glad to come with Mr. Lanfrey."

"All right, Starr, go ahead with your constitutional. But first tell me where I'll find Professor Huntoon Rogers."

"In seventeen, Sir."

"Thank you, Starr. Good night."

"Good night, Sir."

IV

Voices reached me from somewhere, voices that spoke only in monosyllables and only at intervals. It seemed the sound came from a rear porthole on the deck below. I moved farther along the rail to escape it, for it disturbed my thoughts. I couldn't get away from the scene at dinner when Gorell warmed up so over a mere difference of opinion. I had never laid eyes on Gorell until that night but I had known him by reputation as an outstanding naturalist, whose specialty was conchology. He was at the University. That reminded me that Hunt Rogers probably knew him. And I hadn't seen Hunt yet.

I tossed my cigarette over the rail, walked to the companionway, and went down to the deck below. As my foot touched the deck I observed a stateroom

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door partly open. Whose room it was I did not know but guessed it was Quigley's, for he was there. I didn't linger in the passageway; I merely saw what I saw as I walked by. Indeed, I could not help seeing.

Quigley, wearing a dressing gown, was in the room. With him were Starr and the boy who had helped him serve dinner and a strange young man who from his dress was one of the crew. All four were bending over a table, across which a counterpane had been drawn, shooting craps. Quigley was shaking the dice in his shut hand close beside his ear. He rolled them out upon the table. There was considerable money on the counterpane.

I walked onward toward Rogers' stateroom. Gambling aboard ship is inevitable. But Quigley was a member of the expedition; not a principal member but nevertheless an important one, since he was the photographer. It was in very poor taste for him to start gambling with the crew.

In my disturbed state of mind I rapped upon Hunt Rogers' door. I rapped a second time.

"Come in," murmured a blurred voice.

Professor Huntoon Rogers was sitting on the edge of the bed holding his head in his hands. The light from the lamp on the desk threw a shadow upon his unhappy face. I went to him and laid my hand upon his shoulder.

"Feeling better, old man?" I asked.

At the sound of my voice he stiffened a trifle. Slowly he lifted his head.

"Who — ?" he began; then, "Bartlett? Benny? What are you — ?"

"Sure. You're not seeing ghosts. I just dropped in. If you're not feeling well enough I won't stay."

"Oh, I'm all right — I guess," he said uncertainly. "Sit down."

I sat down. Hunt Rogers continued to sit on the edge of the bed, his head had dropped back to its former resting place in his hands. I thought of Alice Wilmer's description of a "strange man in a brown suit. He's got funny ears." Hunt's ears were small and stood out noticeably from his head. He wore glasses with rather large lenses, slightly thicker than ordinary. His blond hair was getting thin on top, although he still was a young man, and his nose was large. He had a powerful frame, standing close to six feet in height.

At the moment I sat down, however, few of these features were obvious. The man looked a wreck. His hair was tousled; his glasses were on the night stand; his hands concealed his prominent ears; and his large frame was slumped in the depths of dejection.

"I feel better than I did," he said hopefully. "But tell me how you happen to be here."

"That's easy. I was invited, and I accepted," I replied, going on to relate how Carlos Lanfrey had importuned me over the garden wall.

"That's like Carlos," he commented. "He's a man of action, more the warrior than the gentle poet — the contemplative spirit is far removed from him." His voice was dull and lifeless.

"This is a fine way for you to rest up; seasickness does such wonders to the system — " I began with mild sarcasm.

"Now, don't do that, Benny," he protested. "I'll get over it. I always have recovered about the time I've begun to hope I won't." He actually forced a smile. "I passed that point half an hour ago."

"I came down to talk to you about the personnel of the expedition," I said. "But I'll let it wait — "

"There's a dish of dried beef and crackers on the table there," he said.

"I see it."

"Will you bring it to me? My stomach is empty."

I carried the dish to him, and he took a cracker and nibbled it. Presently he had eaten it all. He next tried a piece of salty dried beef. It stayed down. I could see that he was recovering. The boat was rolling slightly, but there was less pitch than at dinnertime. Finally he said: "It's the smell around the harbor, that brackish odor; it's the first few hours aboard; it's the anticipation of seasickness that induces the illness. When I am out away from land and get over the first attack, I'm all right then. I feel like going on deck now."

He put on his glasses and smoothed down his hair. I carried the dried beef and crackers, and together we went up to the afterdeck. The door to Quigley's room was closed when we passed it, but I heard the murmur of voices and concluded that the gambling still went on.

There was no longer the glow of lights from the land. Save for the few illuminated areas on the deck, there was everywhere a vast darkness about us; the ship under a few dim stars moved on in what seemed sheer nothingness.

"What did you want to ask me about the personnel of the expedition?" inquired Rogers.

"Have you met them all?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. Name them over."

"All right. Stop me when I name somebody you don't know. Carlos and Mrs. Lanfrey. Dr. Ardleigh. Dr. French — "

"French is merely an acquaintance," he interrupted.

"Dr. and Mrs. Gorell, Jack Quigley and Alice Wilmer," I went on.

"I've not met Miss Wilmer."

"I'll introduce you. She looks interesting."

"Thanks. Is that all?"

"I think so — except for ourselves."

"Now, whom did you want to ask me about?"

"Gorell."

He was silent, except for the sound of crunching crackers. I repeated the name.

"I heard you," he said. "Why do you pick on him?" There was the sound of a chuckle.

"He seems — " I began.

"He not only seems; he is," he laughed. "I told Carlos, when he said Gorell was coming, that it was a mistake. He can't fit in a thing of this kind. Carlos said Chandler at the Museum had named him and he had agreed to accept Chandler's selections. This objection, you understand, isn't on scientific grounds. Gorell rates high; he is a brilliant fellow. It's his personality. He's narrow and selfish; his is not the true scientific temperament. What's he done now?"

"Made a scene at dinner," I said, detailing the argument. "It was uncalled for. Seemed to me he just felt like a fight."

Rogers didn't say anything for a moment. I felt his hand groping for what remained of the dried beef and crackers. Finally he remarked: "That's characteristic. If you weren't an old friend, Benny, and if you were the kind to repeat gossip, I wouldn't be saying this. But the truth is that while Gorell is something of a genius, he's a much bigger ass. If you'll permit me to mix my metaphors, he's been a thorn in the side of the faculty at the University for a long time. And his wife, even though I shouldn't say so, is worse than he is. They have a daughter who is in difficulty with her husband; but she's not on board, and that's beside the point anyway. I've never seen her. Now, there you've got the Gorells."

"Thanks."

"Gorell is irritating; one can get along with him only by keeping out of his way as much as possible."

"Feeling better?"

"I'm feeling all right again. Let's walk."

We took a turn around the deck. Rogers had recovered in a remarkably short time. I was ready to stop walking long before he was, but he kept on for another and still another turn around the deck.

"I'm going to enjoy this cruise," he remarked once.

"Yes," I reminded him, "you haven't

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got any responsibilities. You're just a supercargo on a luxury cruise."

"I've brought along Gibbon and a complete one-volume Shakespeare. I'm going to read them both through if the cruise lasts long enough," he chortled. "I've been meaning to do it for a long time."

"That's a swell vacation," I said.

"Suits me. While you're climbing around on volcanic isles, I'll be lying in the shade reading."

We stopped directly over the portholes of Quigley's stateroom. Voices below us suddenly were lifted. One was high-pitched and accusative; others sought to calm it. Then came the confused sounds of a scuffle, of blows, and oaths that blistered. A door slammed, and feet scurried up the companionway at our backs.

We turned to observe the figure that had mounted from the deck below. The man tucked his head down against his shoulder when he saw us and ran swiftly forward along the rail. So quickly did he appear and disappear that we were left wondering whether we had seen anyone at all.

"That's odd," Rogers said slowly, when all was quiet again.

"Crap game," I explained. "In Quigley's room. It's been going on for some time."

"But the fellow who ran by us. I've seen him somewhere."

"He must be one of the crew."

"Yes, I know. But his face — I saw it in the light just as he reached the deck. I've seen it somewhere before."

"You probably saw him on the dock before we left."

"No, I didn't. I came aboard and went straight to bed. If I remember rightly this fellow wouldn't be signed on as one of the crew."

"Think we ought to investigate?"

"I doubt if it's any of our business, Benny. I'm satisfied to let it stay just where it is."

"So am I."

V

Now that we were at sea and the expedition was well started, I began to feel somewhat the eagerness, the anticipation of the other members of the party. I had thought that of all the ship's company I had been the only one lacking that eagerness at our departure. I said as much to Mrs. Lanfrey as we stood at the rail the afternoon of the next day. As I came along the deck she had patted the rail beside her as an invitation to stop. "You don't look so terribly in earnest," she remarked, offering me a cigarette. "You don't even look like a scientist."

"Running away from them, are you?"

"Yes. They bore me terrifically." I looked at her rather steadily. "Oh, I know," she laughed. "You're wondering about Carlos. He knows I loathe scientific expeditions. He knows, too, that I'm going along just to please him."

She was a beautiful woman. Her eyes were fine, her features as precisely cut as a cameo's. There was something almost regal in the way she carried her head. Yet I felt sorry for her. For there was something pathetic in those eyes of hers, a restless, an unsatisfied hunger. She was a woman who never had found herself, probably never would find herself; life stretched before her a highway of discontent.

"I'm a scientist," I said. "If I'm anything at all. I'm a hunter of birds — "

"Don't let it break out on you like a rash if you want to be my friend."

We were on our second cigarette apiece when Quigley came along the deck. The moment he espied us, he came directly to the rail. I nodded, and he stared at me a moment as if wondering whether he had ever seen me before.

"You know Mr. Bartlett, don't you, Jack?" Mrs. Lanfrey asked.

"Yes. Sure. Hello," he said, his eyes fixed on me briefly. He seized a cigarette which she offered him and lighted it from hers. His hand shook slightly.

"Enjoying yourself?" Mrs. Lanfrey inquired, lazily indifferent.

"Yes, sure," Quigley replied, and looked away at the sea. There was something on his mind, something important. Suddenly he spoke to Mrs. Lanfrey in a voice intended for her but which I could not help overhearing. "Listen, Reba," he said. "I've got to see you. Now. Somewhere where I can talk to you alone."

"Surely, Jack. Let's go to the lounge."

He took her arm and turned from the rail.

"Excuse us, won't you please, Mr. Bartlett?" Mrs. Lanfrey said.

"Of course."

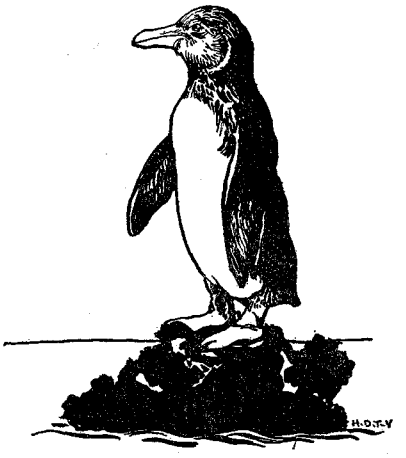
I did not notice at the moment of their going that Carlos Lanfrey was in our vicinity. But when I turned to look off over the empty sea, I saw him standing nearby. He was watching his wife and Jack Quigley as they went toward the lounge. Presently he came over to me and leaned against the rail.

"Are you comfortable in your quarters, Bartlett?" he asked.

"Very. Thank you."

He pursed his lips, and his eyes narrowed. Finally he said: "Bartlett, have you by chance learned of any gambling going on between members of the expedition and the crew?"

"Yes," I answered, "but — "



"I'm not asking you to be a tale bearer," he interposed hastily. "I'm merely trying to get at the bottom of something. One of the crew has a beautiful shiner. Ernest, the boy who helps Starr, is sulking. The rumor is that there was a game in one of the cabins last night that ended in a row. I apologize, of course, for having to dig into — "

"Do you mind calling Rogers over?" I asked.

"Hunt Rogers?"

"Yes. Sitting there in his chair — "

Carlos Lanfrey twisted about to discover Rogers and called: "Hunt! Oh, Hunt! Come here a minute."

Rogers joined us. A moment later Lanfrey began: "We were just talking, Hunt, about something that went on last night. Do you know anything about a row in one of the cabins?"

"Yes." Rogers looked at me questioningly, then went on: "There was a row of some sort."

"Tell me about it."

"Oh, I wasn't there," he laughed. "I've got a witness. Benny and I were back at the rail when it happened." He went on to detail what we had witnessed of the row.

"Quigley," mused Lanfrey.

"Since you are getting at the bottom of this," I said, "it's only fair to tell you what I saw. I passed Quigley's door when it was ajar sufficiently to give me a view of the room as I walked by. Quigley and Starr and Ernest, and a member of the crew I had not seen before were there. Quigley was shaking dice, and there was considerable money on the table. Without any conclusions or efforts to implicate or condone — for it's none of my business — that's the story as we know it together. You asked for it; there it is."

Captain Lanfrey looked away to sea. Finally he said: "Thank you, gentlemen. We'll drop it right where it stands. Unless it occurs again." He shut his jaws firmly on the last word, straightened to his full height, and walked forward.

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"Quigley had no business starting a crap game like that," said Rogers. He still leaned over the rail, a finger in his volume of Shakespeare, his large nose like a figurehead pointed over the sea.

"Of course not."

"Quigley, you know, is a substitute at the last moment, like yourself."

"I didn't know that."

"Yes. The man Carlos expected to get from the studio was called back at the last moment for some retakes on a picture. And they sent Quigley in his place."

"Quigley seems to be an acquaintance of Mrs. Lanfrey's. I thought that might have had something to do with his being here."

"No, I think not."

We were just gossiping idly. Ship life lends itself peculiarly to gossip. As a party we had not yet shaken down to that point where our curiosity in each other was satisfied. As we talked, Mrs. Lanfrey came along the deck alone. She passed without speaking, then suddenly she stopped and came back. Standing a little apart from us she said to Rogers: "Perhaps I am being a little remiss, Professor Rogers, as a hostess. I've not inquired as to whether you are comfortable in your quarters. Are you?"

"I'm very comfortable, Mrs. Lanfrey, thank you."

"And you, Mr. Bartlett?"

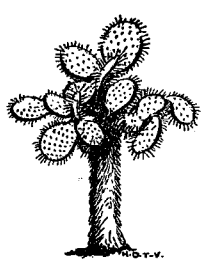
"The same, and thanks."

She smiled and with a polished finger nail flicked her cigarette deftly over the rail. There was something else she wanted to say.

"Carlos never gambles," she remarked suddenly. "He detests it. I'm not apologizing for that lack in him, you understand. I merely want to say that, if you should hear about a game having been staged, will you please not say anything about it to Carlos?" She flashed us a smile and, before either of us could reply, walked away.

VI

By the following morning we were far down the coast of Lower California. In the early hours *Cyrene II*, glistening white in the sun on a blue and empty sea, possessed an atmosphere of loneliness. Her decks were deserted, her lounge and dining room unoccupied. All life seemed to have fled.



"Where is everybody?" Alice Wilmer asked, coming in to breakfast. I was alone when she entered.

"What did you expect of a scientific expedition? Some sort of tea party?" I asked.

"Certainly not the quiet of the grave," she answered.

"Well, figure it out," I said. "Carlos Lanfrey takes his duties as captain and leader very seriously. He has much work to do in his cabin just off the bridge. The other ship's officers are busy men; they have their own mess, and you didn't expect to see anything of them anyway. Mrs. Lanfrey is a law unto herself. The scientific members brought along something to do. Dr. Gorell is writing something. Ardleigh is revising his textbook on geology. French is trying to put a book together. What time Huntoon Rogers isn't exercising, he's reading. You and Jack Quigley and I seem to be the only playboys of this luxury cruise — "

"Have you seen Jack this morning?" she asked. Her complexion was unusually fresh and lovely at this early hour.

"No."

"Jack is going to take pictures of everybody this morning. It's official. On deck at ten-thirty — everybody. He told me so last night."

"Picture taking is inevitable. You'll have to be taken and like it — "

"But I like it."

"Not once but many times — "

"All right. The more the better."

"You're hopeless."

She laughed, and we became gay; and I forgot that feeling of loneliness which earlier I had detected settling down upon the yacht. It probably was just as well that we started the day like that; there was enough trouble coming up.

However, it was not until somewhat after ten o'clock that Ernest went down to the deck below and rapped on Quigley's door. He came back in a few minutes and reported.

"Mr. Quigley's bed wasn't slept in last night, Sir."

Captain Lanfrey looked a moment at the boy, with no change of expression in his bronzed face. "Well, go find him for me," he ordered.

"Yes, Sir."

Lanfrey came over to me at the rail. "This fellow Quigley," he said without preliminary, "is beginning to get in my hair."

"Taking pictures of the personnel this morning?" I inquired.

"Yes. By the way, Bartlett, while we're waiting for Quigley, would you mind passing the word along to the others to come on deck? We won't keep them long."

"Yes, Sir," I said and started towards the companionway.

I knocked on French's door, and he snarled at me. He apologized promptly, however, when he recognized my voice. Mrs. Gorell opened her door suspiciously and thrust her dark, fleshy face out as I approached, having overheard me talking with French.

"On deck, please, for official photographs," I said and passed on.

I found Ardleigh in the lounge, reading. Huntoon Rogers was in his deck chair, wrapped in a rug, his eyes on a book, his thoughts doubtless on a bank where the wild thyme blows. Alice Wilmer was forward, gazing at the sea. Coming along the shady port side I met Mrs. Lanfrey. She flung out an impulsive hand to stay my progress.

"Have you seen Jack Quigley this morning?" she asked.

"No."

"I can't find him. Nothing's happened to him, of course," she added reassuringly. "He's such a kid, though. And he's impulsive — "

"Are you afraid he's got into difficulties?"

"No-o. I don't know. He's a perfect fiend for gambling and he has a quick temper — "

Starr came rapidly along the deck as we talked. His face was sober. Mrs. Lanfrey called out to him.

"Have you found Mr. Quigley, Starr?" There was a note of concern, almost alarm in her voice.

"No, Ma'am," Starr answered.

"You must find him. Go look everywhere," she urged. Starr glanced at her, startled, then touched his cap and walked away.

"Come around on the other side in the sun," I said. "They must be about ready for the pictures."

Around on the other side Dr. Gorell and his wife were leaning on the rail. Ardleigh and French were talking. Hunt Rogers had laid aside his book and was chatting with Alice Wilmer. Mrs. Lanfrey avoided the Gorells and went over to Alice and Rogers. I could not escape a feeling of growing tenseness. The Gorells already were fidgeting. Ardleigh remarked:

"The young man has only the one job, that of photographer. It would seem that he could look after it properly."

At this moment Starr came along the deck. He singled out Rogers with a lift of his head, then me, and stopped short of joining us. We went over to him.

"Captain Lanfrey asks you two gentlemen to come to the bridge," he said.

Rogers and I walked forward, climbed to the bridge, and found Lanfrey in the doorway of his cabin.

"Listen," he said. "Get this. Something's happened. Quigley ought to be

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on this ship, but I can't put my hands on him. I don't know whether he is hiding out purposely or whether something has happened to him. Hunt, you and Benny start forward and work aft on all decks. Starr and I will start aft. Starr and Ernest say they have searched the ship, but I want to be sure."

Rogers and I climbed down off the bridge and went below decks.

"You don't suppose — " I began.

"I don't suppose anything," Rogers cut me off.

We found the chief officer in his tiny cabin. He even poked under his bunk for our benefit and opened the door to the second mate's quarters. Through their mess room, the cook's galley, and the forecastle we worked. No inch escaped us. We went below to the engine room, crawled into empty bunkers, banged on boxes in the hold, shifted ship's stores about in our effort to leave unexamined no corner that would hold a man.

We met Captain Lanfrey and Starr in the engine room. Lanfrey looked at us and shook his head. "Nothing," he said.

For a moment the four of us stood there. Starr shifted uneasily on his feet; Rogers mopped his brow. Captain Lanfrey pursed his lips slowly and thoughtfully.

"Well — " he said, after a moment, and turned and climbed upward.

We followed him silently. As we reached the deck on which the staterooms were located, Lanfrey paused as though undecided, then walked aft to Quigley's room. He threw the door open suddenly as if suspecting that Quigley had played some trick upon us all. But the room was empty. The four of us entered. The bed, as had been previously reported, had not been slept in. Quigley's clothes hung in the closet, swinging gently to the slow roll of the ship. His watch and some money lay on the dresser; the long gray ash of a burned-out cigarette lay on the glass top.

Captain Lanfrey walked over to the bed, touched it lightly with his knuckles, then dropped on one knee, raised the edge of the hanging counterpane, and looked underneath. The space was empty. Still without speaking, Lanfrey led the way outside and to the upper deck. The little group of fellow passengers was still about. It was Ardleigh who spoke first.

"Well," he said with a slight asperity, "when is our young photographer going to favor us with his presence?"

There was a silence that lengthened ominously. Then Captain Lanfrey said quietly:

"He's not coming."

Mrs. Lanfrey pressed her handkerchief to her lips, almost as if to stop a cry that was there.

"What's happened?" French asked.

"Mr. Quigley has disappeared."

Curious how that feeling of loneliness I had noted earlier seemed to have settled again about the ship. In the moment when Captain Lanfrey's words were sinking into the consciousness of those about us, I could feel it again with all the weight of the empty sea upon which we sailed alone.

"You don't mean you can't find him anywhere," began Gorell, thrusting out his chin.

"Mr. Quigley has disappeared," repeated Captain Lanfrey.

"Oh, no, Carlos!" Mrs. Lanfrey cried out.

"I've said he is not to be found aboard ship," said Lanfrey.

"But where could he have gone, Sir?" demanded Gorell, a fine sweat breaking out on his forehead.

"Gone?" echoed the Captain. "Overboard."

VII

I HAVE no doubt that in Captain Lanfrey's mind in those first few minutes of realization that we had lost one of our number overboard was the thought of turning back in search. It was only human and natural. But the hopelessness of it! Anybody who, far from land, ever has seen the pitiful speck that is the head of a swimmer in the vastness of the open sea realizes the futility of such a move. Besides, Quigley had not been seen for hours. He had not been at breakfast. His bed had not been slept in. Everything pointed to the assumption that he had gone overboard in the night. Somebody asked:

"Could he swim?"

There was a moment's silence, and then Alice Wilmer, with a strangely dry sound in her throat, said:

"No. He couldn't swim — very well."

Captain Lanfrey turned and walked toward the bridge. The others, as by some compelling force, drifted slowly away to their staterooms, leaving Rogers and me alone on deck. We stood quietly together, not saying much, while the yacht plowed steadily onward toward the ever receding horizon that hemmed us in. At the end of half an hour Captain Lanfrey came down from the bridge. His blue eyes regarded us thoughtfully for a moment.

"I've radioed Quigley's people," he said.

"Carlos," Rogers began, "I was just thinking that Quigley's things ought to be gathered up and put away against the time we get back home again. I volunteer to do it."

"Thanks, Hunt." The captain's response was quick. "Let's go down there now. Come on, Bartlett."

The three of us descended to Quigley's room, where we stood about for a few moments, reluctant to take up the task which signified the closing of a life.

"How in hell did it happen?" Captain Lanfrey said suddenly, in a tense voice.

"He was young and strong physically. Of course an accident can happen to anybody," Rogers remarked.

"But did it?" demanded Lanfrey.

"How do you mean, Carlos?" asked Rogers.

The captain did not reply to the question. "Listen, Hunt," he said after a moment, "you and Benny make a thorough check, lock the stuff up, and bring me the keys. And any money" — he nodded at the roll of bills on the dresser — "bring it to me, and I'll put it in the safe." He cast a swift glance about the stateroom. "That's all." He walked toward the door, turned a moment, pursed his red lips thoughtfully, and said: "I think this afternoon we'd better talk the thing over — the others, too." His back disappeared, and we heard him climbing the companionway.

Rogers closed the door and came back to where I stood at the dresser looking at the long ash of a burned out cigarette.

"That must have been a fresh cigarette when Quigley laid it down," he said.

"He'd pulled about twice on it," I commented.

"You know," and Rogers rubbed the side of his large nose, "a man, unless he is extraordinarily preoccupied, never loses interest in a fresh cigarette. It's pretty well smoked before he will lay it down and forget about it. He'll lay down a fresh cigarette if he's interrupted, say, to answer the telephone or a knock at the door. But he'll pick it up again."

"All of which means what, in this instance?" I asked.

"That Quigley lit a cigarette. Somebody knocked at the door. He laid the cigarette down." Rogers halted.

"And he went up on deck," I finished for him, "and never came back."

"I didn't say that," he protested. "I was merely pointing out some things that had occurred to me."

"All right, Hunt," I said. "What do we do first?"

"Why not put the clothes in the trunk? Throw out any stuff in the pockets to be looked over."

"Sounds all right."

We went to work. The pockets yielded only handkerchiefs, matches, a pocket knife, a bunch of keys, a dollar bill, and 31 cents in coins. The trunk contained nothing but wearing apparel. We went

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through it all, and Rogers listed what we found, his large figure hunched over the desk in the corner. There remained a bag in the closet. We brought it out and dumped the contents upon the bed. In addition to more shirts, socks, ties, and underwear, we found a small camera of German make. In the side pocket of the bag were some stationery and envelopes and a checkbook, partly used. Rogers sat down and fingered through the stubs. Presently he said:

"Quigley drew two hundred and fifty dollars. Stub is marked 'Cash for Galapagos trip.' I wonder if he kept an account book."

"There's something that may be an account book there in a dresser drawer," I remarked.

"Let's look at it."

I fetched it and sat down beside him. It was a small red book, with most of the pages blank. There were some Hollywood telephone numbers jotted down with apparent haste. There was a page marked "Range Country" and some notes beneath: "From Mike D. $82. From Pete H. $18. Curley owes $56. Total ivory cubes $156." These notations had been crossed through in pencil.

"Some of his gambling accounts, probably," observed Rogers. "There was a picture released some months ago called 'Range Country.' Probably he was cameraman on that."

Rogers turned through several blank pages and then with a lift to his voice said: "Here's something. He's headed it 'Galapagos Expedition. Cash from bank $250. In pocket $1.31. From the Kid $10. Starr $380. Jay C. $18. Total i.c. Wednesday night $408.'" Rogers looked at me thoughtfully.

"I.c.," I remarked. "Meaning ivory cubes, again. In other words, the take on his crap game night before last."

"There's no doubt of it," replied Rogers. "Starr's name there. The Kid probably is Ernest, Jay C. the sailor."

"We even might check up his cash and see if it's all here," I said.

"Let's do, Benny." Rogers went to the dresser, picked up the roll of bills, and came back to the bed again. Carefully he counted the money. "Two hundred and seventy-eight dollars," he said. "And the dollar thirty-one we found in his clothes. That makes it two seventy-nine thirty-one."

"Doesn't check," I said.

"No." Rogers did some figuring on a blank page torn from the notebook. "Three hundred and eighty dollars off," he mused.

"Maybe Starr got a rebate," I suggested. Rogers looked at me carefully.

"Perhaps," he said. "That's what the record says Starr lost."

He put the money back on the dresser and began going through the dresser drawers. There was little else there or elsewhere in the room that seemed important. We found an expensive Swiss watch, now run down; a little box of shirt buttons; a small sewing kit; and a traveling clock, still ticking. In the wastebasket was a Los Angeles paper dated the day we left San Pedro. In the ash tray were five cigarette stubs.

"There's something pathetic in the earthly possessions of a person recently dead. They tell a story, Benny, don't they?"

"I suppose so."

"Here was a fellow," he said, "young, active, intelligent — apparently something of a gambler — "

He was silent a moment. "But I've missed something, Benny."

"What?"

"There's no dressing gown; no slippers; no ivory cubes. A crap shooter, I suspect, always carries his own dice."

Rogers was right. We had not found these articles. Yet each of them was indispensable to a man like Quigley. In fact, I had seen Quigley wearing a dressing gown that night of the game.

"Well, there you've got a picture of Quigley," I said. "He was here in his cabin in dressing gown and slippers. He went to the dresser, took a fresh cigarette, and lighted it. He had pulled a couple of times on it when someone knocked. He put down the cigarette, went to the door, from there up to the deck. And he didn't come back."

VIII

Alice Wilmer and I went into the lounge together and found a comfortable place on the broad davenport among deep cushions. Ardleigh, his long legs folded miraculously about his chair rungs, was already in the lounge, as were Dr. and Mrs. Gorell. They were not talking, just sitting and waiting. French, his red hair more than usually awry, entered, nodded, and relaxed his lithe body in an easy chair. He lit a cigarette, offering his pack to the others, who declined. Next came Mrs. Lanfrey. She hesitated on the threshold and then, spying Alice and me, came across and sat with us.

"This is Carlos' idea," she said casually. "He's such a stickler for form. Shipshape is a word with him. Everything must be shipshape."

"It's an excellent trait, I think."

She looked at me, her brown eyes fixed on mine. Finally she said: "Are you going to turn out to be one of those horrid persons who do things just because they should be done?"

Before I could reply, Huntoon Rogers came into the lounge, followed by Captain Lanfrey. We were all quiet. Rogers looked about for a seat and found one near French. As by common consent, a large armchair at the end of the lounge had been left vacant for the captain.

Lanfrey wasted no time. He sat down, rested his cap on a table at his side, ran thick fingers through his short blond hair, and began speaking: "The purpose of this meeting is to inquire into the circumstances surrounding the loss overboard of one of our number some time last night. The death of Mr. Quigley is most regrettable, unfortunate. I'd like to establish for the log the approximate time of his death and, if possible, in what manner he could have gone over the side — that is, how such an accident could have happened.

"Dr. Ardleigh," he turned upon the elderly geologist on his right, "I'll start with you. When did you last see Mr. Quigley alive on board ship?"

Dr. Ardleigh's head had gone back at the mention of his name; his sharp gray-green eyes under his heavy brows sought the ceiling. But only for a moment did he hesitate; then he dropped his gaze to Captain Lanfrey's bronzed face.

"I'll give you my movements subsequent to dinner," he began, in his drawl, "at which time Mr. Quigley and all of us here were present. I took a short constitutional and stood awhile on the afterdeck, smoking. Mrs. Lanfrey and Mr. Quigley strolled past. We spoke, but they did not stop. A few minutes later I came here to the lounge, found a copy of Benjamin Franklin's autobiography in the library, and sat reading for perhaps an hour. I put the book away, went out on deck, and took one turn around. Passed Mr. Quigley and Miss Wilmer standing at the rail talking, and, as Mr. Pepys says, so to bed."

I sensed that a tremor passed through Alice Wilmer's body as Ardleigh mentioned Quigley's name in connection with her own, but with a show of control she leaned forward to drop her cigarette in an ash tray.

"What time was that, Dr. Ardleigh?" asked Lanfrey.

"That was at nine thirty-five, Captain." He rubbed long fingers over his finely wrinkled cheeks. "I remember it, because I put my watch on the night stand the moment I went into my stateroom."

"Thank you very much, Doctor."

There was a noticeable relaxing of tension in the room. The quiet tone of Dr. Ardleigh, the simple narrative of his activities served to remove the formidable atmosphere that had settled upon us.

"Dr. Gorell," Captain Lanfrey turned to the conchologist, who sat with his

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wife at the end of the davenport. Captain Lanfrey's approach seemed to startle him. An odd look flickered briefly in his masklike visage. He cleared his throat lightly and before Lanfrey could ask a question he launched with an irritating rasp in his voice into an account of his activities following last evening's dinner.

"I can speak for Mrs. Gorell as well as myself. We took a single turn about deck and went to our stateroom. We played a few games of double solitaire, as is our custom; then Mrs. Gorell, about nine o'clock retired. I sat up longer — perhaps an hour — looking over some work I have in preparation, and then also retired. Mrs. Gorell is a heavy sleeper and knows nothing of what occurred."

"And you?"

"I don't sleep well. In fact, I was up in the night, Captain. I — " He looked about the circle and swallowed. "I — I came up on deck for a while."

"When was that?"

"I heard six bells struck as I climbed the stairs."

"How long did you stay up?"

"About twenty minutes."

"Did you see or hear anything unusual?"

"No, sir."

"Thank you, Doctor," said Lanfrey.

Mrs. Gorell's blunt personality suddenly thrust itself at us.

"We saw Mr. Quigley and Mrs. Lanfrey strolling on deck as Dr. Ardleigh says he did."

It seemed a deliberate attack, the purpose of which was obscure. I observed that Mrs. Lanfrey became very quiet; her fingers, restlessly flicking at her cigarette, stilled. Captain Lanfrey with a disarming smile, turned immediately to French.

"Doctor," he began, "you and I spent the time from dinner to nine o'clock talking fish and fishing. Can you throw any light on Mr. Quigley's last movements?"

"None, Captain," our usually silent ichthyologist responded. "I didn't see him after dinner. When I left you on the bridge I went to my quarters. I read until eleven o'clock, then went to bed. Slept until seven this morning." He motioned with his freckled hand, indicating that that was all.

"Rogers, how about you?" Captain Lanfrey turned to Professor Rogers.

Rogers rubbed a long finger across the bridge of his nose and smiled.

"Bartlett and I have the simplest story of any to tell. We stuck together after dinner down in my cabin, discussing a little of everything from Shakespeare to tree frogs, then about ten o'clock took three or four turns around the deck, and came down again. I left him at his door and then went on to my cabin and to bed."

"What time did you get back to your cabin?"

"Ten thirty."

"Thank you, Hunt. Is that your story too, Bartlett?"

"Yes, Captain."

"Did either of you see Quigley anywhere on your turn about deck?"

"Yes. He was on the starboard side, at the rail."

"Alone?"

"No. With Miss Wilmer."

The Captain turned abruptly to Alice Wilmer.

"Forgive me, Miss Wilmer," he began. "It was not intentional to leave you until the last. I've merely gone around the circle. If the accounts of the others seem to have built up to you as the one last seeing Mr. Quigley alive, I hope you will not misconstrue — "

"But, Captain," Alice smiled at him, perfectly calm and self-possessed, "I have nothing to explain. Perhaps I was the last one to talk with him but I couldn't help that. He knocked on my door and asked me to come up on deck with him."

"Of course not, Miss Wilmer."

"As I started to say," she began, the color coming to her cheeks, "Mr. Quigley knocked on my door about nine o'clock. He wanted me to come on deck and talk to him, and I did. We walked around awhile, then stood at the rail. It wasn't very long after Mr. Bartlett and Professor Rogers passed us that I said good night to Jack and went down to my stateroom."

"Mr. Quigley didn't come down when you did?"

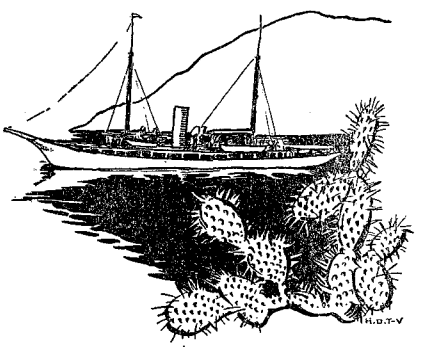
"No. He said he wasn't sleepy."

"Do you know whether he did come down?"

"Yes, he did. He passed my door, which was still ajar. He called 'Good night, Alice,' and I said, 'Good night, Jack.'"

"Do you know the time?"

"Probably it was fifteen minutes after I had come down."



"So far as you know, then, Quigley went on to his room?"

"Yes."

"Did you hear anything after that?"

"I heard him enter and close his door. Then later on — maybe half an hour — when I was reading, I heard someone knock on a door and then voices. I recognized Jack's voice. I was able only to distinguish his voice as one of two. I didn't try to listen to what was said."

"What time was that?"

"I don't know. Time is always sort of vague to me, Captain."

"Could it have been as late as eleven thirty?"

"Really, Captain, I don't know."

"Thank you, Miss Wilmer." He glanced at the watch on his wrist, then looked around the room.

"Carlos!" Mrs. Lanfrey sat forward on the davenport. "Are you going to pass me by?"

"Pardon me, my dear," he smiled at her. "But I know where you were."

"But the others don't."

"Very well, then, Reba. Tell us."

Mrs. Lanfrey laughed lightly, as though she had won a contested point. A laugh that jarred just a little, in view of the solemnity of the occasion. "I did walk with Jack Quigley about the deck, as Dr. Ardleigh and Mrs. Gorell have said. Poor boy, he was so disturbed over an incident — well, to be frank, there was gambling the night before. He had not realized how strict Carlos is about gambling and, since it was done, he was much distressed that it had happened and he wanted my advice. I left him about nine and went down to my stateroom. My husband had just come in, and we talked a while before retiring. That's all," she finished.

"Thank you, my dear," said Lanfrey. He picked up his cap, then thought of another question: "Does anyone here know whether Quigley, aside from the distress he evidently felt over the gambling incident, was a moody individual, given to thoughts of suicide?" He waited for some one to speak. "Did you, Miss Wilmer," quizzed Lanfrey, "discover any suicidal thoughts in him last night?"

"No, Captain," Alice Wilmer said emphatically, sitting forward and putting her feet firmly on the floor. "Not last night or any other time. I had known him for a year. He was always optimistic and full of ambition."

"Thank you, Miss Wilmer." Captain Lanfrey got to his feet. "That's all, ladies and gentlemen. I thank you for your co-operation." He bowed to us, set his cap firmly upon his head, and walked quickly out of the lounge.

(Continued next month)

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

President, Poetry Society of America

ROBERT Frost will address the 27th annual dinner of the Poetry Society of America. The Society will await his return north from Florida and postpone the date of the dinner from January to the last Thursday night in March. The public is invited to the dinner as well as to the monthly meetings of the Society at the Roosevelt Birthplace in New York City.

February 10, 1937, will be the hundredth anniversary of the death of Russia's greatest poet, Alexander Pushkin. Somewhat forehanded because of our competitive program, the Poetry Society of America is celebrating the anniversary on November 19, when Ernest J. Simmons of the Slavic Department of Harvard University, who is preparing a volume of translations of Pushkin, is scheduled to address the Society and read selections from Pushkin's works.

The October meeting of the Society was destined to be a memorial to Harriet Monroe, the American poet, who died September 26 in Peru, while returning from the international congress of P.E.N. clubs in Buenos Aires. Justly she has been called "patron saint of American poets." It is to be hoped that *Poetry*, our most distinguished magazine of verse, which Miss Monroe founded in 1912 and which she edited until her death, will continue to be her everlasting memorial.

Poetry Page

FROM time to time short articles of experience or advice by poets will continue to appear on this page. Next month Horace Gregory will introduce a group of young left-wing poets, selections from whose work will appear in a later issue of THE FORUM.

Early Autumn Verse

ON October 1, 25 new books of verse had collected on the Editor's desk. Election year has an effect on national psychology that extends to the arts and even to the production of poetry. A state of suspense is created; new experiments are halted. The arts involuntarily play safe and prefer to record rather than to prophesy. These are active months for scholarship and the finishing of doctoral dissertations. But the projecting mind bides its time until the November returns are in before venturing boldly.

Hence these early autumn books of verse reveal a gentle relapse to traditional forms, to what the medieval skalds of Iceland called "bound language." Rhyme is preferred by 22 of these poets, and free verse by only three. There is not one genuinely experimental or left-wing or proletarian poet in the exhibit. They are safe poems for the child of conservative parents.

But if we are to have understatement let it be brightly delineated, as in TIME HAS NO SHADOW, by Katherine Garrison Chapin (Dodd, Mead, $2.00). Her objective characters of persons, and verse portraits of things are finely integrated with emotional experience. "At Stonehenge" and "Telephone Operator" are but two examples of completeness and satisfying mastery of her theme.

Unspectacular and sensitive likewise is the verse of a newcomer among the younger poets, Robert Francis. In STAND WITH ME HERE (Macmillan, $1.75) he captures the most fleeting shadows of the contemporary New England countryside.

Joseph Auslander gives us a serious and mature volume this autumn, MORE THAN BREAD (Macmillan, $1.50). Some of his disciples will prefer him in a gayer mood. Margaret Widdemer, in HILL GARDEN (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00), gives us a refreshing choice of theme and mood, ranging from old-fashioned enthusiams to witty cynicisms.

TIME IN THE ROCK, by Conrad Aiken (Scribner, $2.50), is to contemporary philosophical verse what Vaughan was to seventeenth-century metaphysical poets. In 96 flights of vision he transcribes human experience with rich allusion and imagery. THE PAGEANT OF MAN, by Stanton A. Coblentz (Wings, $2.50), is frankly an epic of destiny. Its 300 luxuriant pages will repay a week of meditating. MAN ANSWERS DEATH, edited by Corliss Lamont (Putnam, $3.00), is a discriminating anthology of the world's best verse on this theme — not omitting the Egyptian and the Russian. This metrical armory offers valor to all brave souls.

The most distinguished book of American verse this autumn, however, is John Hall Wheelock's POEMS 1911–1936 (Scribner, $2.50). Mr. Wheelock is a romantic poet in the eternal sense of one who believes in woman and the essential beauty of all created things. His sublimated lyrics are foreign to decadence or cynicism or the bizarre.

Similarly the most distinctive book of British verse in this group is COLLECTED POEMS, by Ford Madox Ford (Oxford, $3.00). By any standard Mr. Ford is an altogether original and indelible poet. He is as precise in his observation and as exact in his adjective as was Browning in his day. He is contemporary but never gross, not even in the welter of war and sex. All passing experience is his subject matter, however trivial, however grandiose.

EARTH CALL, by Alan Creighton (Macmillan, Canada, $2.00) is good verse on virile themes. THE OLD HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY, by Lizette Woodworth Reese (Farrar & Rinehart, $1.00), takes us to an idyllic Maryland. SONGS FOR A LISTENER, by Leonard Feeney, S.J. (Macmillan, $1.25), champions the rationalism of Catholicism in a sequence of 33 groups of rhymed triplets. YOUTH LOOKS AT LIFE, by Roberta Meyers (Banner, $1.25), is firm and companionable verse for a fourteen-year-old poet, or, indeed, a poet of any age. TEN MEN AND A BOY, by Velma Hitchcock (Lantern, $1.25), is a careful culling of this author's work.

SAPLINGS (Scholastic, $1.50) is the eleventh of this series of verse of the 'teens. POEMS, by Ellen Burns Sherman (Mitre, $1.25), is a garner of patriotic and family themes reprinted from many periodicals. In HILL SAGA, by Warren Bartlett Horner (Shepherdstown Register, $1.50), is the realism of the southern mountaineers. THE TREE OF TIME, by Gertrude Huntington McGiffert (Putnam, $2.00), is a galaxy of jolly stanzas that will please eager lovers of gardens, of pottery, or of tea rooms.

And that enthusiastic publisher of verse, Henry Harrison, offers us again five new volumes fresh from his generous press: MORNINGSHORE CHILDREN, by Sarabeth Leslie ($2.00); SEASONS ARE SURE, by Forrest Elliott ($1.50); FLUTES IN THE WIND, by Ida Lillian Padelford ($1.50); FLAME ON THE HILLS, an anthology of verse by women of Iowa, edited by Mrs. L. Worthington Smith ($2.00); and DAYS OF PITY, by James Franklin Lewis ($1.75). This last volume is social verse and the nearest to being an exception to the nonpolitical character of the pre-election autumn poetry mart.

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News of New Books

(*continued from page* VII)

the better chance of coming into power. He answers, "I think the answer is fascism, as fascism is an extension of capitalism." While I think there is no danger of democracy breaking down in this country, his answer to the hypothetical question would seem to be correct. As between the tyranny that is fascism and the tyranny that is communism, there is something more suited to western peoples in fascism —rather of the Mussolini variety than the Hitler variety, with its childish persecution of racial minorities.

The writer does not agree with Gilbert Seldes that the literature and philosophy of communism are far more brilliant than the literature and philosophy of fascism. For one thing, we know very little about the philosophy of fascism because, like the British Constitution, it is largely unwritten, except for the account by Mussolini in the Italian encyclopedia. But that, I think, in its own way, is quite impressive. Then the literature and philosophy of communism, as they are expounded in this country, are too doped out with self-delusions, optimisms, wish fulfillments which may do nicely with a semioriental people like the Russians but do not so well fit in with western "ideology."

Leaving all this aside, Gilbert Seldes' best writing is on what he himself calls the "lively arts." On the movies he is almost profound; on the subject of music he really is profound. In short, taking *Mainland* all in all and in spite of some inaccuracies (Rimbaud, for example, did not die in the desert), it is a widely informed, interesting, and entertaining book.

KAY Boyle's novel about Austria, *Death of a Man*, gives us a revelation of an almost mystical Naziism that is as startling to us as it was to the American heroine. "I have heard," says a young Nazi, "all they [Americans] want is to live. . . . I have read that the execution of traitors even seems an outrage to them, because they are unable to distinguish between different kinds of death." The American girl in this novel is as strange as if she were a visitant from Mars or the moon, in relation to these central Europeans. But here and there a little speech or a conversation throws more light on the politics and appeal of Naziism than tomes of treatises. Read, on page 297, the way a Nazi youth talks about a speech of Hitler's in the Reichstag: "My God! It was like great music, like a poem being sung!"

All Kay Boyle's books belong to that peculiarly American product, the international novel, and all are about Americans in relation to Europeans. Into that relationship she introduces a subtlety and a sort of poetic bewilderment which convinces a reader that Americans must be not only totally different from Europeans but almost incomprehensible to them. The content of her books, however, is never sufficiently abundant, her major merit being her very personal style and her great sensitivity to form.

(*Beginning on page 273, Mary M. Colum discusses the new books listed below.*)

SAINT JOAN OF ARC — Victoria Sackville-West (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00).

JOAN OF ARC: A SELF-PORTRAIT —compiled by Willard Trask (Stackpole, $2.00 & $5.00).

THE DESCENT OF THE IDOL — Juroslav Durych (Dutton, $2.75).

HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION — Leon Trotsky (Simon & Schuster, $2.98).

HONOURABLE ESTATE — Vera Brittain (Macmillan, $2.00).

PHOENIX — D. H. Lawrence (Viking, $3.75).

NEWS of New Books

(Courtesy *The Publishers' Weekly*)

The Theory and Practice of Socialism, by John Strachey (Random House, $3.00). The author of *The Coming Struggle for Power* deals with the whole radical movement from a practical and factual point of view.

O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1936, edited by Harry Hansen (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). The eighteenth of these yearly anthologies.

American Agent, by Melvin Purvis (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75). The story of the "G men," by the man who led the capture of Dillinger.

A Short History of the Future, by John Langdon-Davies (Dodd, Mead, $3.00). A picture of the future as the scientist sees it, by a FORUM writer on popular scientific subjects.

Advancing America, by Merrill Denison (Dodd, Mead, $2.00). The development of transportation and communication in this country.

Wake Up Alone and Like It! Anonymous (Macaulay, $1.49). A burlesque of two best sellers.

Brookings: a Biography, by Hermann Hagedorn (Macmillan, $3.50). The life of Robert Brookings, businessman, social philosopher, educator, and founder of the Brookings Institution.

A Book Hunter's Holiday, by A. S. W. Rosenbach (Houghton Mifflin, $4.25 & $10.00). Essays by a collector and book dealer on a variety of subjects.

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

THE LADIES AND THEIR VOTES

To the Editor:

"Ladies in Politics" [by John Gordon Ross, November FORUM], as its name implies, does not seem to me to be a serious exposition of the results in government of "votes for women" but rather an attempt to be facetious. As far as he is serious, the writer claims to be disappointed that women have not brought about the millennium. . . .

With the exception of an occasional overenthusiastic claim of an overzealous woman, most suffragists did not expect or desire revolutionary changes as a result of the franchise in the hands of women. . . Like men, they saw their special interests affected by government and they wanted the same right men had of registering their opinions and desires at the polls.

. . . The greatest changes in government in the last 25 years have been in matters concerning the welfare of human beings. The distance is wide from the day when a congressman protested, "What in the world has the United States Government to do with women and children?" . . .

. . . It would be foolish to claim that such changes are due solely or even mostly to women voters, but it is only fair to point out that coincident with the changed viewpoint of government was a new force newly come into power in government, one half the electorate, whose chief business in the world was and is the care of human life. That these two facts have some connection would hardly be questioned.

In place of the fictitious superiority they were supposed to have in the old days and the very real inferiority in every way that counts, women have won for themselves today, in business, in politics and in the molding of public opinion, a power and influence they did not dream of 50 years ago, and one of the greatest helps to that end was the winning of the vote.

GERTRUDE FOSTER BROWN

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

. . . J. G. Ross should ponder the immortal words of Mrs. Poyser: "I'm not denying that women are foolish; God Almighty made them to match the men!"

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editor:

. . . The point is not what women have accomplished in politics but what politics

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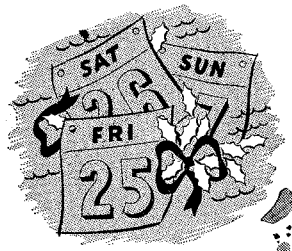

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has accomplished for women. Votes for women have not reformed politics or changed the world but they have expanded the spirit of women. It has rid them of their inferiority complex; it has given them a new dimension, a psychological dimension in which they can move more freely, work more usefully, live more creatively than they did when they were grouped politically with minors, imbeciles, aliens, and criminals. That some women use this new spaciousness only to throw their weight around does not alter the fact. . . .

Young women born to the ballot are unconscious of this gain in their position, but it is a gain nonetheless. We elders who worked for the vote, who were kicked around by cops and pushed around by ward heelers, cursed by our fellow man and damned by men of God in the pulpit know what the vote has done for our souls. . . .

SARAH ADDINGTON
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

Does he remember that men have controlled politics for some 150 years? He is disappointed that women have not corrected their mistakes in sixteen. . . .

. . . . . .

LUCRETIA LONGSHORE BLANKENBURG
Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor:

Many of the statements in the sprightly article, "Ladies in Politics," could bear, we think, a little analyzing.

Mr. Ross says the ladies promised when they got the vote there would be no more corrupt city politics, no more demagogues elected to office, and no more boss rule. . . . I believe some gentlemen in politics a few years back promised us a chicken in every pot, two cars in every garage, and so to arrange matters that all the poorhouses could be demolished. . . .

. . . . . .

. . . We agree that men talk politics more than women, but do they *say* anything? It has been said that most women rely on their menfolks for information and guidance on matters political. If that is true, then their ignorance and stupidity should not arouse our astonishment.

For every woman who is interested in bridge, clothes, personalities, and Clark Gable, undoubtedly there is a man who is interested in baseball, prize fights, poker, hootch, and Mae West. . . .

. . . . . .

KATHERINE G.
Utica, N. Y.

THE COSTS OF DEATH

To the Editor:

Bertram B. Fowler's trenchant contri-

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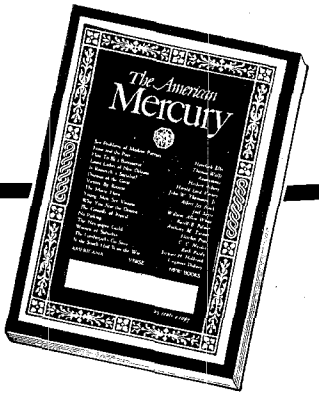

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Our Rostrum

bution, "When the Ultimate Consumer Dies" [November FORUM], recalls to mind the fact that among the first, if not the first, co-operative societies ever to be formed by man came into existence some 2,000 years ago, for the purpose of assuring the members — slaves under the Roman Empire — the privilege of temporary burial, in order that the vultures and dogs might not pick their bones flung upon the dungheaps outside the cities.

Today civilization has progressed so far that it would seem that it is the living and not the dead who must be protected!

Human nature being what it is, we have allowed ourselves to stand for the commercialization and exploitation of human anguish. . . .

. . . . . .

HUGH J. HUGHES
Louisville, Ky.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

Burial societies as we have come to know them are the handiwork of ex-preachers and ex-embalmers creating jobs for themselves after a more or less prolonged and lean period of being "at liberty"; unappreciated coffin makers creating outlets for their mills; and ex-insurance men fumbling around in a less restricted field in quest of liberal commissions.

. . . . . .

HENRY F. DOOLEY
Executive Secretary
Minnesota Funeral Directors Association
Minneapolis, Minn.

To the Editor:

Bertram B. Fowler's article on co-operative burial societies in Minnesota is very timely in view of the rising interest in co-operation in every field. It is particularly interesting in its effort to call attention to the tie-up between hospital and medical costs and insurance and undertaking; i.e., that these should all be social services run without profit. Mr. Fowler's comment on the fact that co-operation thrives on opposition should bring encouragement. . . .

MARQUIS W. CHILDS
St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Washington, D. C.

IS COMMUNISM COMING?

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

I cannot get excited about communism. I agree with Dr. Martin ["Are We Going Communist?" a debate between Everett Dean Martin and Earl Browder, November FORUM] when he says: "You cannot put dictatorship over on a nation with a Puritan background." . . .

I agree with Dr. Martin that there is not a nickel's worth of difference between

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Our Rostrum

communism and fascism. On the question of whether a plumber or a horse doctor shall perform a mastoid operation on a patient who has indigestion, the answer is, "No," in both cases. . . .

. . . . . .

I do feel disturbed, of course, at the effect of communism on the minds of a good many Americans who get too easily scared and who . . . spend too much of their time seeing things at night. . . . There are too many people who hate to think and who live by labels. Putting labels on people should be reserved for . . . institutions to whom patriotism means nothing but the stopping of progress and putting a snuffer on thinking. . . .

Progress in a democracy like ours often comes by getting the right people scared. . . . Communism . . . hasn't a chance. But if it helps to get the right people scared . . . into reforms which make progress where progress is needed, instead of into dumb reaction, communism may be a blessing — in a very deep disguise.

GEORGE W. ALGER
Alger, Peck & Grafton
Counsellors at Law
New York, N. Y.

MORE ON ANNAPOLIS

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

In the article by Mr. Brown on Annapolis ["Annapolis — Stronghold of Mediocrity," by James Oliver Brown, October FORUM], he makes some reference to the visit to the Academy of the commission of which I was chairman. . . .

In general, I think Mr. Brown's statement is not seriously exaggerated, but there will never be any substantial cure, in my judgment, until the president and the secretary of the navy are willing to appoint a competent commission, made up of civilian educators and high commissioned officers, which would spend some months in an intensive study of the problem. . . . It is perfectly hopeless to try to accomplish all that the Academy now does in four years. It would be difficult to do it in six, and with the constantly migrating personnel of the teaching staff (there are a few continuing civilians, but they have little influence) there is only the remotest hope of any substantial improvement. No sooner does a man begin to understand the real problem of the Academy than he is transferred to some other service. The provincial-minded attitude of the naval officer and his general self-complacency constitute a barrier to any change from below. . . .

. . . . . .

JAMES R. ANGELL
Office of the President
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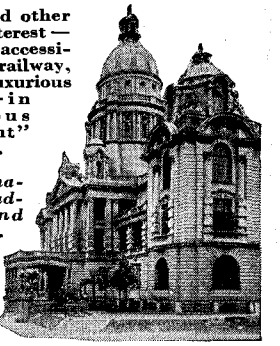

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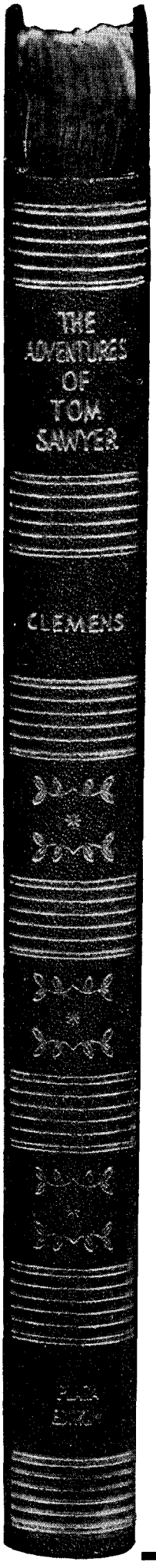

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B — PLEASANT QUESTIONS OF LOVE

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G — FRANKENSTEIN

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H — SANINE

By ARTZIBASHEV *Illustrated by* Cameron Wright

This is a realistic Russian love novel in the best traditions of the Muscovite masters. It is a vigorous tale, vigorous with the often brutal naiveté of the Russian over whom hangs a pall of depressing yet compelling psychological motives. Restless and unhappy souls, tormented by wayward bodies, teeming with animal strength, the characters submit to indulgence only to awake to repentance. Abundant with realistic details, the story is nevertheless swift-moving and entertaining throughout.

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J — GREEN MANSIONS

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K — THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES

By HONORÉ de BALZAC *Illustrated by* Frank J. Buttera

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TOASTS

JEAN RICOCHET BOYD is 44 years old. After his teaching years he studied medicine and now practices in Pennsylvania, whence he views the educational scene as an "amused and fascinated skeptic."

JAMES H. S. MOYNAHAN, a Harvard graduate, writes detective stories and conducts and plays in popular orchestras. He is a tap dancer and a collector of early Dashiell Hammetts.

PEARL S. BUCK, daughter of an American missionary to China, hardly needs introduction to the reading public. Her latest book, to be published shortly, is *The Fighting Angel.*

WILLIAM SCHACK is a New Yorker who has spent some time in the Near East. He is associated with the drama department of the *New York Times.*

LUCY KENT has published her verse in several magazines during the past two years.

TERENCE HARRINGTON is an ophthalmologist in active practice and attached to the medical school of a large university. His writing is a sideline and a hobby.

JAMES R. BROWNE was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1926 and served with the navy until 1929. After a try at engineering, he turned to the teaching profession and is now studying for a Ph.D. in Romance languages at the University of Chicago.

MARY M. COLUM, THE FORUM'S literary critic for three years, is now living in Norwalk, Connecticut.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, liberal editor and writer, will conclude his series on "Pillars of Government" next month with a review of the life and achievements of the late Senator James Couzens.

A. WASHINGTON PEZET, a former member of THE FORUM'S editorial staff, is a director of the American Artists Group, devoted to the popularization of the work of living native artists.

MARJORIE BARSTOW GREENBIE is a graduate of Cornell University and has done journalistic work, particularly on educational subjects, in many parts of the world.

RALPH M. PEARSON, a lecturer at the New School for Social Research in New York City, will write "The Artist's Point of View" as a monthly feature.

CLIFFORD KNIGHT, winner of the $2,000 prize offered jointly by THE FORUM and Dodd, Mead & Co. for a mystery-detective novel, is a former Kansas City newspaperman. In 1929 he moved to California, where he still lives, and took up free-lance writing. He has written and published a great many short pieces, both fiction (including detective stories) and nonfiction, but, except for a novel in 1918, which he says he'd just as soon forget, "The Scarlet Crab" is his first full-length book. Dodd, Mead will publish it this winter.

STATEMENT

of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of March 3, 1933, of THE FORUM and Century *published monthly at Concord, N. H., for October 1, 1936*

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Edward F. Healey, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE FORUM and Century and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: *Publisher,* FORUM PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; *Editor,* HENRY GODDARD LEACH, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; *Managing Editor,* PHYLLIS MOIR, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; *Business Manager,* EDWARD F. HEALEY, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: FORUM PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; HENRY GODDARD LEACH, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; GEORGE HENRY PAYNE, Federal Communications Commission, Washington, D. C.; FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON, 4101 Avenue P, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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EDWARD F. HEALEY
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this thirtieth day of September, 1936.

[SEAL] HAZEL WELO

(My commission expires March 30, 1937.)

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